Le Minotaur

Volume Eighteen

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Cover picture: Manray's *Violon D'Ingre* in a Modern Rendering, by Patrick

If you have a submission for the **Le Minotaur** feel free to contact the magazine.

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In the film *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*
Jane's Salary was $ 200,000 …

While Marilyn's salary was a mere $ 18,000 …
How unfair don't you think!

Le Minotaur

Le Minotaur Press of Vancouver is delighted to publish the Eighteenth edition of ***Le Minotaur*** Magazine which serves to explore the beast in all of us.

In this edition there are several short stories that also explore the beastliness of artistry and artists.

In this edition, for the first time, we are including the work of several of our Staff Writers (SW) who are contributing, while remaining anonymous.

Please feel free to submit your short stories, prose, poetry and artwork to

penny_plenty321 @ yahoo.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the author.

Le Minotaur welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis.

Artwork

A Closer Look at Michelangelo's David by Aki Kurosawa

[**Tokyo**] Recently I did a project for an art history class I am taking. I decided to take a closer look at Michelangelo's David … ahem … a really closer look!

Many years ago I went to Florence as a tourist and saw all the sights. It was overwhelming! Even though I took many photos I honestly don't remember much of the statues and artwork I saw.

I do, of course, remember seeing Michelangelo's David, both of them, the original inside and the reproduction in the public plaza. Here are some pictures I took of the original David,

I had seen what boys look like and well … it struck me as odd how small his penis was, given he was such a large man.

Do you understand what I am saying? All the boys I have seen naked have had penises as long as their thumb. But that's not what we see with Michelangelo's David.

My art history project asked the question, why is his penis so small? It was a public presentation to my class, and I found it a challenging subject.

David's testicles seem to be the right size for a man his height and weight …

He has foreskin, which is odd if he is Jewish boy. If he was a Jewish boy he should be circumcised.

I am not the first person to ask this question. Those who have asked why he is not ‘cut’ as a Jewish friend expressed as slang (a girlfriend by the way from New Yorl), have not found a good answer.

But there is something else about David that I think needs to be asked. Is he perhaps a virgin? Take a closer look at his penis …

Perhaps you don’t see it from the frontal view, but maybe from the side …

Can you see what I saying? He has a tight foreskin. It doesn't look like his gland has ever poked out.

I once had a boy who was a casual friend who had never had sex before. His penis looked just like David's, a tight foreskin. My friend had to have surgery done on his penis before he could have sex … and no I was not the girl who had sex with him his first time. I had just noticed his tight foreskin when we were both sitting in an Onsen. A few months after his surgery we were once again sitting in an Onsen and I could see how he was now different and happy.

Her are two pictures taken off the internet of a man before and after arousal:

He does not have a tight foreskin and so he can become aroused.

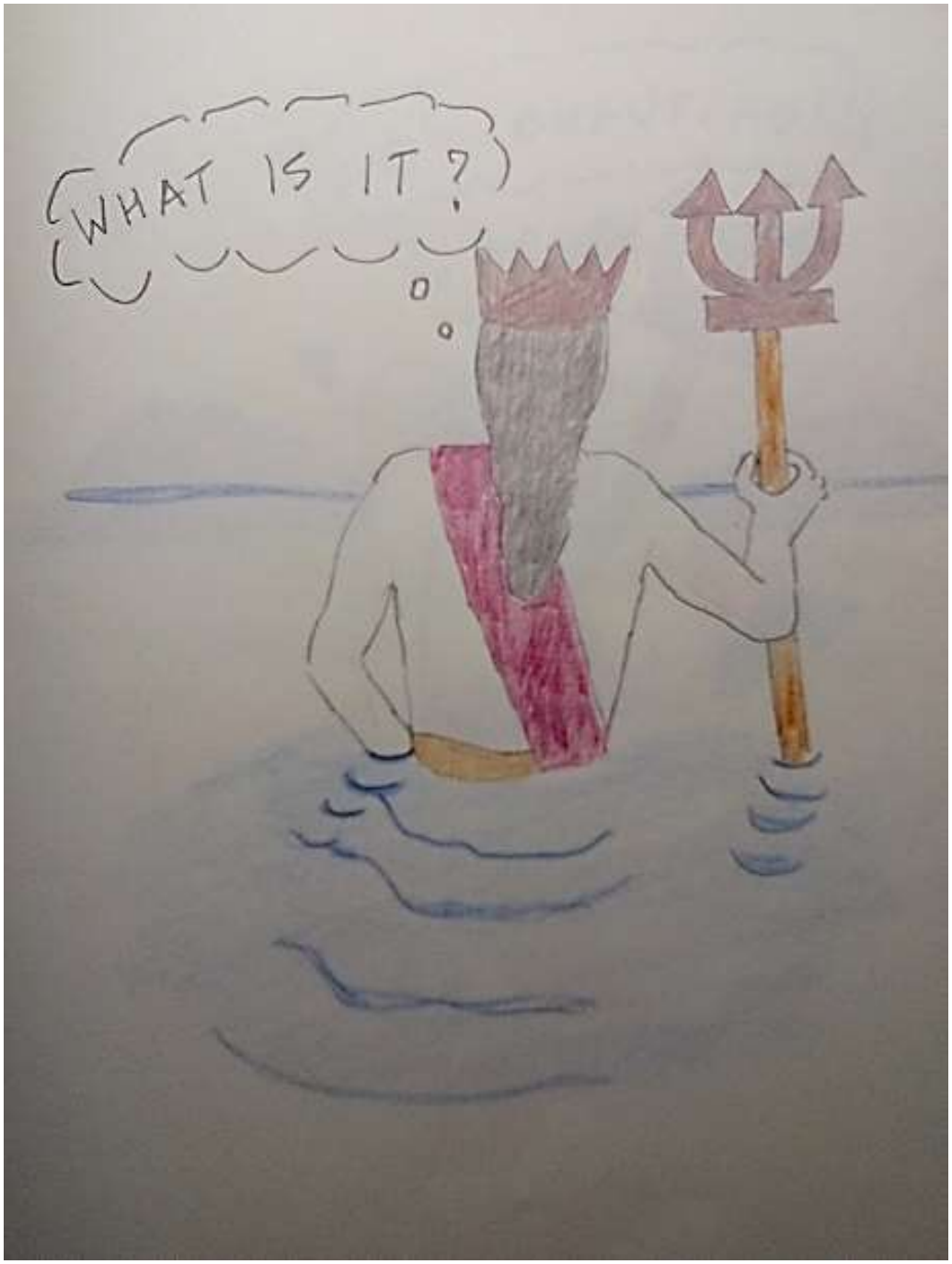
An erection would not be possible for a boy with David's predicament. Like a virgin tearing her hymen, David would have to tear his foreskin, or at the very least have it 'cut'. Maybe that is why Jewish boys are circumcised.

Pictorial: The Modern Woman

Poseidon's Pique by Patrick

Somewhere in the Aegean Sea Poseidon is All Alone on his Island.

OH MY!


WHAT IS IT?

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

I am no longer alone!

Hwa!
Hwa!
Hwa!

Shhhh

oooOOH!

OMG!
WOW!
Teke

GIGGLE
GIGGLE

(GIGGLE)
(GIGGLE)

Smooch!
Smooch!
(HELP!)
Smooch!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

O
M
G!

EMPTY OCEAN!
MAYDAY!

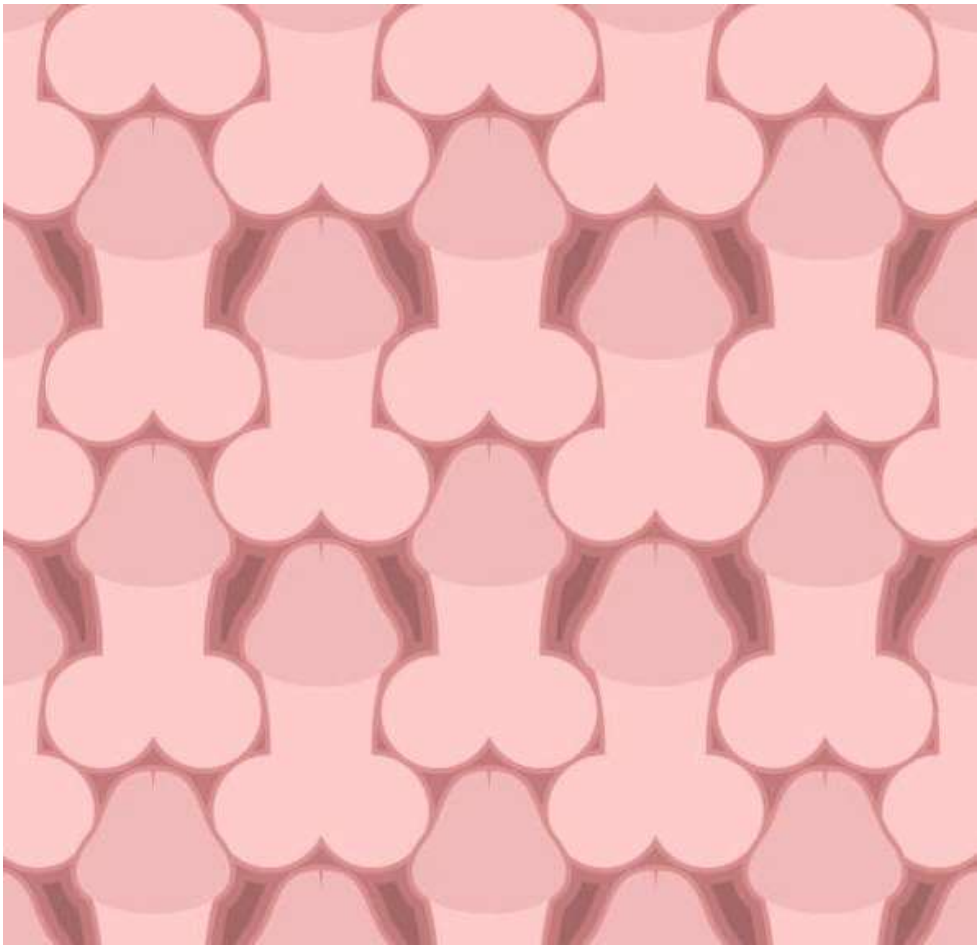
SIGH!
YES!

OH ME!
OH MY!
WAAH
WAAH
WAAH
WAAH
WAAH
WAAH
WAAH
WAAH

Pictorial: Why do woman artists draw men as eunuchs?

Call for Minotaur Art

Le Minotaur Magazine invites our readers to send in their original Minotaur Art, to be featured on the cover or within our Magazine.



Penisellation

Send your submissions as either jpeg or as pdf and include an artist's statement of perhaps 200 words.

Prose

An Unhurried Look at Seduction by William Easter

The tongue-in-cheek art of inducing a woman to surrender her chastity is time honored.

[**London**] The eminent and acerbic British theatre critic, Kenneth Tynan (he shocked England with the first four letter words used on the air) was asked if he thought sexual intercourse should be portrayed on the stage.

Tynan didn't bat an eyelash or flicker a stiff upper lip. "Of course," he answered. Then he pointed out that *Romeo and Juliet* have a bedroom scene where if the audience were close enough, they could see what the two lovers were doing on then wedding night.

Recent plays, such as *The Beard* and *Futz* have apparently made deviate sex more honorable than some of the old fashioned methods.

But, ah, those old fashioned techniques. Some of the best of them have been spelled out hundreds, if not thousands of years ago.

Schoolboys— and girls-have thumb worn that one certain page in *Lorna Boone*- they have rushed through Chaucer, medieval English and all, to writhe their way through the Miller's tale in which a student manages to bed a carpenter's wife just by persuading the old nail banger that Noah's flood was about to be repeated— but with some unforeseen results.

To bring you a sample of masterful seduction, we apologetically paraphrase old Geoffrey Chaucer:

There lived in Oxford a boorish carpenter who took in boarders. One of them was Nicholas, a scholar who had made a study of astrology and could predict the future.

The old carpenter had just married an eighteen-year-old virgin named Alison. But he worried that his wild young bride might be taken advantage of.

The young wife had milk-white skin, a virginal quality and purity, but also a wanton, seductive look, sloe-eyed and otherwise the kind of girl to make an old buck fearful. She was a winsome, frolicsome girl, figure molded, mouth so sweet, body so firm, just right for any man to bed with.

It didn't take young Nicholas, the scholar, long to proposition Alison. He told her he couldn't live without her and added, "Love me right now or I will die, so help me God."

True to her marriage vows, the young wife told Nick to keep his cotton-picking mitts off her.

But Nicholas pleaded a pretty good case and finally she gave in, but warned him that her husband was a pretty jealous man.

But Nick told her he'd be pretty stupid if he couldn't outsmart a carpenter.

When they were alone Nicholas patted her tops and bottom, kissed her and together they made beautiful music.

There was at this time a parish clerk named Absolon at the church the young wife attended. He had curly hair, was young looking and always well dressed. He could sing and dance and play the fiddle and the guitar, which he did in his rounds of the local taverns. He was the whole gentleman who disdained passing gas or using foul language.

Now Absolon was also a pretty amorous guy and he, too, had an eye out for the carpenter's wife. So, one night, he took his guitar and stationed himself outside her window. He sang and asked her to have pity on him. The carpenter happened to be home and asked his wife, "Alison, don't you hear Absolon singing outside the bedroom?"

She admitted she heard. Absolon continued to woo her. He sent her gifts. But it didn't do him a damn bit of good. She was hung up on Nicholas.

It didn't take Absolon long to find out about the good wife and the amorous student. He was furious and he determined to get revenge on Nicholas.

Nicholas, meanwhile had some ideas of his own.

So, one Saturday, Nick pretended to be sick. He moaned and groaned pitifully.

The old carpenter, afraid that Nick might be under some sort of spell, shook him until the young man answered, “I will tell you what ails me, but you must not tell another soul.”

The carpenter promised and Nicholas continued, “In my studies of the stars I found that beginning Monday next, just before dawn a severe rain will fall. This flood will be bigger than Noah’s. In less than an hour the world will be swamped and all mankind will die.” The carpenter cried, "My poor Alison, can’t something be done to save her?”

“I think so,” Nicholas told him, “if you do just as I say, you won’t be sorry. I think I’ll be able to save all three of us.

The carpenter agreed. Nicholas went on, “What you have to do is get three large vats that each of us can use as small boats, and enough food to last us until nine o’clock the next morning

Now I can’t save anyone else but the three of us, so you hide the three tubs in the attic. No one else will know how we will be saved. Make sure you put the food in the attic, too. Also bring an axe to break our way out of the attic when the floods come. Late tonight we will each go up there, crawl into a vat and wait until the floods come. But one thing for sure, you must not sleep with your wife.”

The carpenter did as he was told. His wife, knowing what Nicholas was up to, did as she was told. The carpenter was so anxious to save his wife that he made sure there was enough food, ladders hung so that they could climb

outside to the attic. He even sent his servants away. And when it came close to the time that Nicholas said the flood would start, they all climbed upstairs. Each one got into a vat. As soon as they were sure the old carpenter was asleep, Nicholas and Alison crept out of the barrels and went downstairs to the bedroom, into the bed and into each other's arms.

Now it happened that the parish clerk, Absolon, wondered why he hadn't seen the carpenter around. Since he had a few ideas of his own about Alison he decided to go quietly to her bedroom window and try to attract the young girl's attention.

So the clerk dolled himself up and headed for the carpenter's house. Outside the window he called to her softly, "That for your love I sweat. No wonder that I melt and sweat: I yearn for you as a lamb after the teat."

She answered him and told him to go away, that she was in love with someone else.

"If you give me one kiss I'll go away."

"Are you sure?" Alison asked and winked at Nicholas who was laying beside her, patting her tops and bottom.

Alison opened the window and told him to hurry before the neighbors saw what was going on. It was pitch black dark outside and no one could really see what was happening.

Absalon was ready. So was Alison.

But instead of putting her face out the window, she turned and let her backside protrude. Absolon, filled with desire, puckered his lips and kissed her full, savourly, on those well-rounded cheeks.

And when he was through Alison laughed and quickly closed the window.

Absolon heard her laugh. Then it dawned on him that he had been taken. Walking away, he swore he would get revenge. He went to see Gervais, the local smithy, and borrowed a red hot iron.

Absolon went back to Alison's window, knocked and said he had a ring

This time Nicholas decided to continue Alison's joke.

And out the window he put his naked buttocks.

This time Absolon was ready. He whacked Nicholas' bottom with the red hot iron. Nicholas went screaming with pain, yelling, "Water, water. Help!"

This cry woke the carpenter up. He heard the yell for water and thought that now the flood was going to begin. He chopped his way out of the vat, and unexpectedly fell out of the window.

The carpenter, expecting the deluge any moment, started running through the town. The people laughed at his tale of the flood.

Thus slept with was the carpenter's wife for all his protection and his jealousy, and Absolon had kissed Alison on the wrong end; and in the end, Nicholas is scalded; this tale is ended ...

But .when it comes to finding a reason for getting a girl to succumb, none can surpass the poise and charm of early 17th century poet, preacher and sermoneer John Donne. In his short piece The Flea he writes of the small insect which had bitten him and sucked hismblood, then bit the young lady he was with. He wrote:

"Thou know'st that this cannot
be said

A sin, or shame, or loss
of maidenhead ...

and he goes on to tell her she shouldn't kill the insect because there's something of each one of them in the small flea. In fact the flea had already made each a part of the other so what excuse could she possibly have.

Tis true, then learn how false fear be;
Just so much honor, when thou yield'st to me
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee." or—
what are you saving it for?

About two thousand years ago the Latin poet Ovid had some words of advice for the poor Roman suitor. He said, “Since I am poor and am not able to pay my mistresses with presents, I pay them with poetry.” He went on to give some advice which can stand up today. The poor man must be discreet in his affairs. He will have to put up with much that a rich man wouldn’t take. Once I mussed up my lover’s hair.

I had also torn her dress. It not only messed up the evening but I had to buy her a new dress.

Re sure and hold her umbrella, clear a path for her in a crowd, and lace or unlace her shoes. And no matter how cold you might be you may be called upon to warm your girl friend’s hands on your bosom (or vice versa).

“It should never be forgotten that older women have experience on their side. It is this experience that makes them more perfect. They can make themselves beautiful with makeup, -but more importantly they know the various ways of love. With an older woman, pleasure comes more naturally and with very little urging ... You should always speed on together towards the *Promised Land*. The heights of ecstasy are reached when unable to hold back, lover and mistress are overcome at the same time. However if you find there is going to be more time needed, try driving your spur into her side. (That should slow matters down.)”

About six hundred years ago, the Italian Giovanni Roccaccio took the advice of the earlier Latins, eliminated some of the directness and uncomplicated language to tell his stories about seduction in more or less parlor terms.

While the Latin classicists used a language better left out of family magazines Giovanni R., who may well have been the John O'Hara of his time, started a whole new trend.

He told, for instance, of the noble lady who was married to an equally noble husband. However, as it sadly happens, her husband could not satisfy her and she took to sneaking out with the virile but less noble Leonetto. Isabella's roaming became known to a certain Lambertuccio who wanted a piece of the action. Rut she would have none of him.

It happened one day that Isabella's husband was out of town, so she sent for Leonetto. Lambertuccio also found out that the old man was away on business and decided to make a play for Isabella. He went to see her—unaware that Leonetto was in bed with the object of his desire. Lambertuccio was pretty damn angry and shouted threats to the effect that he would blow the whistle on her carrying on with Leonetto. Isabella asked Leonetto to hide himself in the bedroom while she'd try to cool off Lambertuccio.

She met him on the stairs. Rut before she could get a word out of her mouth the old buck swung his arms around her, catching breast with hand and mouth with mouth, swore undying love, carried her upstairs and, while Leonetto was sweating and hiding, laid out the young bride on the bed, removed what little of her clothes she had on (she was never so foolish as to make life difficult for any suitor) and proceeded to fondle, pet and pluck at the woefully willing wife.

It wasn’t long before the only sounds that could be heard were the hesitating pants of Lambertuccio and the hastening sighs of the bride.

And as fate would have it, her husband decided to return at that very time, probably to get an address book he had left behind. The maid ran upstairs and interrupted the lovemakers with the warning of the unexpected arrival. Isabella, knowing she had already hidden one lover, decided to brazen it out with the second. So she told him to go, naked, holding himself as if he were angry or ready or both, to tell her husband that he was taking it elsewhere and to say nothing else.

This Lambertuccio did, walking by the astonished husband, naked and proud, mounted his horse, saying only,

I shall find him again someplace else.” And rode off into the night as any 14th century lone ranger would.

Needless to say the husband was a bit curious as to why Lambertuccio should be in the house, not only naked but angry. To say he was curious was an understatement. He started to question his wife, but she led him into the bedroom before she answered. It was only when she was sure that the hidden Leonetto could hear what she told her husband that she spoke:

“I’ve had some fright and I’m so glad you’re back. First, a young man came running in whom I had never seen before and right after him came Lambertuccio, just as you saw him, naked and ready. The young man came upstairs, looking for a place in which to hide. He ran right into this room,

asking me to save him from being killed. I didn't have a chance to question him before Lamburtuccio came in shouting that he was looking for the traitor. But I stood up to him and said he couldn't have the young man. Lambertuccio tried, but I wouldn't let him past. And that was when you saw him running down the stairs."

Her husband nodded and complimented his wife on keeping her wits about her. Then he realized he didn't see the young man and asked where he was. Isabella guessed that he had hid because he was so frightened.

Leonetto was pretty shaken up, but knew he had to show himself, so, shaking, he came out from behind the curtain.

The husband wanted to know what he had done to make Lambertuccio so angry. Leonetto said he had never seen him before and figured Lambertuccio to be off his rocker. He started to make up a story how just a short while before he had seen Lambertuccio for the first time, and he had done the 14th century equivalent of unzipping himself and calling Leonetto a traitor. Leonetto said he was so frightened he ran into this house, and that's how he came to be in the bedroom.

The husband told the young man not to worry, that he would see him safely home. Which he did.

The sequel is that Leonetto later went to look for Lambertuccio and it is rumored that he persuaded the other man not to let a good thing go to waste.

Jokes about the marriage bed and seduction in particular have bepn popular since man first was able to communicate to woman.

This was told about five hundred years ago. There was the husband who was just married, asking his wife, “Dear, shall we do what , we should first or shall we eat dinner?” And his wife answered, “Why dear, just as you desire, then we will eat.”

Not exactly a wild joke. But nevertheless not as black as the humor about the very jealous husband who was never sure that his wife was faithful to him. So he did what he considered the obvious thing. He castrated himself. And then he knew if she ever became pregnant, he could positively accuse her of adultery.

But one thing you can be sure, for every seemingly clever scheme you use or line you fling, there was an old Roman or Greek who had tried it out before. And if you ever wonder why both the Greek and Roman empires fell, it just could be— no, it’s not possible!

{first published in *Caper* Magazine, June, 1969}

Pictorial: Being Shy …

I was bored and between boyfriends by Isabella Montsouris

[**Montreal**] It was a Sunday night and I was lonely. There wasn't anything to watch on TV. I was bored and between boyfriends.

The tingle in my belly and my sex told me I was ovulating. I was aroused, horny in fact.

What was a girl to do? I was happy to nest ... but not happy to be alone. My last boyfriend and I had split up a few weeks ago and so for the first time in two years I was *sans amis* ... *sans penis* ... when I most needed one.

My 'little rabbit' had stopped jumping. I had bought 'ma *petite lapin*' the day I split up with my boyfriend. My first. But I didn't have spare batteries. I should have bought the rechargeable vibrator, or at least some rechargeables. My TV clicker only has two ...

I'll know better next time. Pity my bed doesn't have bed posts. I didn't even have a single root vegetable in my refrigerator!

The walls on my apartment seemed to be pressing in on me. I needed to get out, but I decided against going for a walk. I didn't trust myself! Here at night I knew I'd pounce upon the first handsome and eligible man I set eyes on.

I really needed to step out ... even just for a few minutes.

Why does a twenty five year old woman feel this way when she ovulates or when she menstruates? It's just not fair that men don't have to endure this! They'll never understand women no matter how hard they try ... Men are really just big dicks!

My ex had made a pass at my BFF. Later he wouldn't own up to doing this. A woman will always trust their women friends over their boy friend ... so why even try?

Wasn't I enough for him? My French Canadian BFF told me my ex was hitting on her. We decided to set a red line which if he crossed would mean ... out the door he goes.

Boy did he cross the line. Do you really want me to tell you what he did? If so ... then read the next few paragraphs. If no ... go to the next page.

My BFF takes walks along the seawall at night to help her relax and sleep. She is a type A person with OCD and a few other afflictions. She goes through boy friends as often as she empties out boxes of Kleenex. She loves to play with 'boy's toys' but after awhile they always run dry. (you can figure things out can't you?) She doesn't enjoy sex.

My ex knew of her nightly routine and her cravings and so he sat at a bench next to the seawall, knowing full well she would walk by. Come to think of it, I may have told him all about her! He could have just said hello and a few niceties to her and then left things at that, but no, he had other ideas. That evening he joined her on her walk, and the next night, and the next.

She told me right at the beginning what was going on. The next night I said to him “let’s go for a walk on the seawall ...” He said he was busy and couldn’t. It did not twig on him that I knew what he was up to. Or perhaps he did and he was up to something else.

Do you think he wanted to break up with me? Were we not good in bed ... isn’t that what men are really looking for from their girl friends? To thrust ... thrust and thrust?

The third night he got my BFF to give him a hand job. She obliged because I let her!

Yes, later he wouldn’t own up to what he was doing. What a dick ...

The following day we met for lunch and immediately after he sat down my BFF sat down next to him. He turned beet red. She described his penis to him loud enough so everyone could hear. I told him I never wanted to talk to him or ever see him again. My BFF added “you have a small one by the way, and not very impressive when it pops ...”

The expression on his face was priceless ...

My BFF and I had a splendid lunch and afterwards we went shopping together. That was the afternoon I bought ‘*ma petite lapin*’ My BFF recommended it to me and even helped me pick mine out. It is pink with two protuberances, one large and one small. It fits me just right. One size

does not fit all so you really have to know your own body. They let you measure yourself for good measure because it being an intimate toy, you cannot return the vibrator after you have used it. It has six settings ... slow to WOW!

We bought jelly as well. You can't really do WOW on '*une petite lapin*' without jelly.

She came over and showed me how to enjoy the '*la petite lapin*.' First I watched her ... It was a thrill to watch her climax. Then it was my turn ... and it was a double thrill to be watched while I had an orgasm! I had never shared a bed with a girl before. OMG!

The day my batteries ran out I had just gone to do my laundry at my mother's. I live in an apartment building with common laundry rooms on each floor. I don't like doing my clothes washing in common laundry rooms. You never know what you might catch ..

I guess I should have brought my laundry up from the trunk of my car right when I got home that afternoon, but I hadn't. About eight that night I figured I would dash down to the back parking lot and get my things, and then dash back into my apartment. All I had on was a long grey sport shirt, no bra or panties. I don't wear anything when I am alone.

I didn't think I would run into anyone after dark, so I dashed down with togs on my feet. I was using a shopping cart and one of my large travel case on

wheels to take things up from my car. But lo and behold along came one of my neighbours...

He is an elderly gentleman I bump into and chat with from time to time. He is an artist and a creative person. He once told me he sometimes sits as Poseidon for artists. When he walked up and stood beside me I had a strange, but good feeling. My nipples were tingling and hard. Maybe it was the cold or maybe it was the excitement of the moment?

I was embarrassed to turn to face him because I was very aroused. I have big boobs and giant nipples that stand erect when I am horny. We both waited for the elevator together. Out of the corner of my eye I sensed he was standing politely behind me and to my left. I knew I did not need to put an arm across my breasts to hide their splendour.

Quietly he said “it has been a year since we last chatted ...” When he said this I remembered that conversation. I had met him as I left the elevator in the lobby on my way to a girlfriend’s wedding. I was dressed to the nines in a white silk dress that had bare shoulders as a maid of honour. He had tipped his hat and said ‘you look like a goddess ...’ There is an elegance to this man that reflects his age and experiences.

There was an awkward pause then he said quietly “It is always a pleasure to see you and chat with you.” The tingle in my belly and my sex flooded over. I felt very happy.

When the elevator arrived I turned away from him and invited him to go first. Instead he said “I am an old naval officer. Ladies go first in my world.” So I pushed the shopping cart into the elevator. Before I could step out again for my stand alone travel case he had wheeled it into the elevator for me ... but he did not look up at me.

It was then that I knew for certain he knew I was in my full splendour, yet he did not want to embarrass me. I covered my breasts and leaned forward to press the button. He gave me a warm smile as the door closed and the elevator began to lift me to my floor.

He knew that I was wearing nothing but a grey shirt. I could tell because of the bulge in his pants. I was very wet between my legs! That night I didn’t need ‘*ma petite lapin*.’

Instead I dreamed of him ... this kind and gentle man ... inviting me into his Atelier so he could draw me in all my beauty and my splendour. I saw myself as his Odalisque ... I imagined him as Poseidon in his splendour. I imagined his largess ...

No longer am I bored. Instead I desire to chat with him again sometime very soon.

He is a handsome and eligible man ... A friend who is just a few steps away!

Getting In Deeper by Lisa Louis

[**Tokyo**] Though I certainly didn't feel like a streetwalker during my time as a hostess, I didn't feel like Doris Day, either. The club world is not what anyone could describe as a wholesome, clean-cut environment. One of the most curious things that struck me when I started at the club was the interaction between the hostesses. Rarely was there a night that a number of hostesses didn't partake in what seemed to me to be a very activity.

Each night, there was at least half an hour and sometimes up to two hours of free time before any customers arrived. It was during that lull, as the women typically preened, napped, or talked about their latest shopping trips or dinners out, that I noticed women touching each other, not on the shoulder or arm to make a point in conversation, but on the hips and breasts.

Men grabbing women seemed like a normal part of the game at the club already, but women feeling each others' breasts in the middle of a room full of people seemed distinctly peculiar to me. After observing this activity a number of times, I realized that they were comparing themselves. Who was bigger? Who was firmer? The typical comments were, "You have such a great figure," and, "I wish I was as big as you."

With monthly cycles, it was, "Feel this. Haven't I grown since last week?"

After weeks of seeing this same pattern repeated, it too started to seem like a normal part of the game. After the Japanese hostesses got used to my presence, they even included me in their comparisons, at least verbally. Differences

between Western and Eastern physiques came to the forefront. "How lucky you are to be big busted!" or "You have big hips, don't you?" followed by, "Yes, but she has a very small waist." On one occasion one of the regular feel-and-compare hostesses even cautiously reached out to see if I was really the size I looked. I felt like the sumo wrestler having his belly touched. The breast comparison saga didn't end here, though.

One Friday night just before 8:00, Club Regent was still void of customers. An unusually quiet spell was suddenly disturbed by one of the hostesses as she came in. Satomi was one of the fastest, funniest talkers in the club, and her raspy, colloquial speech made her an entertaining addition to any table. I admired her for her frankness and for her sense of style. Satomi was one of the only women in the club who wore clothes that were truly fashionable, rather than fitting the dictates of club wear. She was absentminded at times and not terribly refined, but she had a way of carrying herself that commanded respect. More important, she had guts, a quality rarely given a chance to be displayed by Japanese women.

Satomi had never paid particular attention to me. She wasn't unfriendly; she simply didn't make a fuss over foreigners. Everyone had been sitting quietly, gazing off into space this evening when Satomi burst in, whizzed in and out of the coat room, into the bathroom for a quick makeup check, and then back out into the room where we all were sitting. Something about the dress I was wearing that night caught her eye, and she decided to make an issue of it. "Why don't you give some of that away to those of us who need it?" she taunted, referring to the usual anatomical area. I laughed lightly at this,

knowing that it was said in good humor, though it came out sounding kind of tough.

Sitting on a bar stool smiling over Satomi's inclination to say whatever popped into her head, I suddenly felt two hands reach around from behind me and grab my breasts. Before I had a chance to react, Satomi said in a raspy voice, "Wow, this feels great!" more in admiration than sensual rapture. Everyone turned to look, good-natured smiles revealing that they'd all thought about doing the same thing but had never had the nerve.

When she stopped and walked away, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Tsuji-san, the second-ranking manager and a bit of a clown, was approaching with his hands outstretched to get his chance, too. A loud "Get lost, Tsuji-san!" was all he got out of the affair, to everyone's delight. He slinked away with a look of disappointment, mumbling that it just wasn't fair.

{excerpt from *Butterflies of the Night*, by Lisa Louis a book about Japanese Nightlife}

Surrealist and Dada Poetry

Personification by Arnica

And like the moon
We must go through phases…
Of moments of emptiness
That teach us how to feel
    Full again, even when it
    Feels like nothing is left.

And we romanticize the stars,
but forgetting the darkness
is what makes them visible,
what gives them meaning,
    what allows their light
    to be seen by all.

So we learn that
even in fading,
there is becoming,
and even in darkness
    there is something …
    quietly shining through.

Pictorial: Something Sapiasexual

"If you quote Rilke again, I'm just going to have to take my bra off!"

One Child Too Many ... by Patrick

Every journey starts ...
with a step, or two
then another, and another,
until you are either walking,
towards something,
or perhaps running,
away from something ...
    That is just the way
    that life is for most of us ...
We are after all
only human, frail creatures
who worry about small things,
and about large things too,
less often than small things ...
God only knows how
often I have journeyed forth
    Sometimes by choice ...
    most times against my will.
Take for the instance
the day my mother
rushed me out
of her womb ...
I wasn't ready you see ...
I did not want to leave,
from her warm belly,

life was so easy for me ...
Free room and board
with all the love I needed ...
But one spring day
life came knocking,
get out it said,
and push, push, push
then there I was immodest
hanging from my heels
in front of perfect strangers,
Wearings masks ... for shame!
Hide their faces away
and me I am in the unwrapped
in the best suit I will ever own.
Sure, make fun of me
That's why ...
I did not want to breathe
That's why ...
I did not want to live in your world
I was happy to live,
alone in my world
Warm and aqueous ...
Now you expect me
to fend for myself.
You saw that I was
another boy like your first
and so you thought you

might throw me back ...
        This was written
        all over your faces
I knew this so that's why
I did not want to breathe
You had to decide whether
to keep me ... then with
much reluctance you did
decide to wack me
on my backside with such ferocity
        that I took my tiny fist
        and punched you in the face,
and all you could do is laugh at me
and wack me
a second time
to see if I might
punch you again,
Ah free will!
instead I set out to cry
        After all ... who punishes an innocent
        new born who did not want to live
wasn't it enough
that I had to squeeze my way out
Sure don't make it easy for me
I remember it all
so clearly ...
as if it was just yesterday

small wonder
    Even today I can't
    remain in close quarters
with anything or anyone.
Today when you hug me
I know he mean well
but hell ...
don't hug me too tight
I might start to scream
and run around in circles
    and doft my clothes
    and cry out at the unfairness of life.
Even today ...
I remember you
peering down your nose at me
wrapped up warm and tight
in a blue blanket, set in my crib
surrounded by other crying creatures ...
in a sea of pink
    Me reading your lips and
    realizing that you had hoped
I would balance things out
A first boy ... then ... perhaps a girl
instead of two blue blankets ...
so you all but forgot me
and would have left me there
at the grand *Birthedral*

all alone and abandoned

had the nurses not needed

the crib for some other ... ‘bundle of joy.’

So you had to

take me home with you, after all

to set me next to your TV

like a stuffed toy ... a boy

and hoped no one would notice me

then you set out

to try once again

third time lucky

then left me to fend for myself

in your world ...

with one child too many.

It would have been

much easier for me

if you had just

left me nameless

in a basket

at the door

of the *Birthedral*...

Photography

Norma Jean as a Ten Dollar an Hour Pin Up Girl by SW

For several years from 1945 to 1949 Norma Jean Mortenson (a.k.a. Marilyn Monroe) took on life drawing modelling jobs to earn money. The normal rate for artist models was $ 5 an hour but Norma Jean could manage $ 10 an hour or more because she was a figurative model, while a model who kept her clothes on earned only $ 5 an hour.

A month's rent and ancillary costs was about $ 10 a week or forty dollars a month in 1945 … and so you do the math.

In 1945 when she was nineteen years old she met and spent a month on the road with Andres de Dienes, as he was starting out his career as a figurative photographer. For several years de Dienes had been in New York doing photography work for the fashion industry. He had moved from Paris to New York in 1938. In his thirties at the time de Dienes decided he wanted to try his hand at figurative photography. He ventured across the United States and ended up in Hollywood.

When de Dienes asked around in LA for models he was referred to Norma Jean by theBlue Book Model Agency who she had filed with in August 1945.

De Dienes was just starting out as a figurative photographer and he found Norma Jean to be too naive and innocent to ask her to let him take figurative pictorials of her. He also did not want to risk the scandal of photographing such a young girl in the nude, although she had already been married and

was soon to be divorced. Perhaps Norma Jean did not want to run a foul of her husband and the divorce courts.

Nonetheless, de Dienes did do some fashion pictorials of Norma Jean in December 1945.

In 1946 Norma Jean started a short stint as an actress with 20th century Fox. By 1946 she had also appeared in over 30 magazines. Her first husband was not supportive of her interest in modelling ad acting, so they filed for divorce in September 1946.

After her first, short and unsuccessful stint as an actress with 20th century Fox, Norma Jean, now known by her stage name Marilyn Monroe, went back to modelling and did some Pin Up art with the likes of Earl Moran.

In the mid 1940s, few figurative photographs were published in the United States with the exception of a few shoddy pictures in some obscure magazines with limited circulation. De Dienes began photographing nudes almost exclusively, and had the pictorials published in magazines and books throughout the world. Some years later, now an established figurative photographer, de Dienes would do a few pictorials Marilyn starting in 1949 ... in the flesh.

In 1946 Norma Jean started sitting as a life drawing model for Pin-up artists such as Earl Moran.

Earl Moran was a well know pin up artist in Hollywood.

Here is a pictorial of Norma Jean and a pin-up of her by Earl Moran.

It is ironic that in the 1940's you could draw and see published pin-up artwork much easier than you could see the pictorial from which the pin-up art is produced.

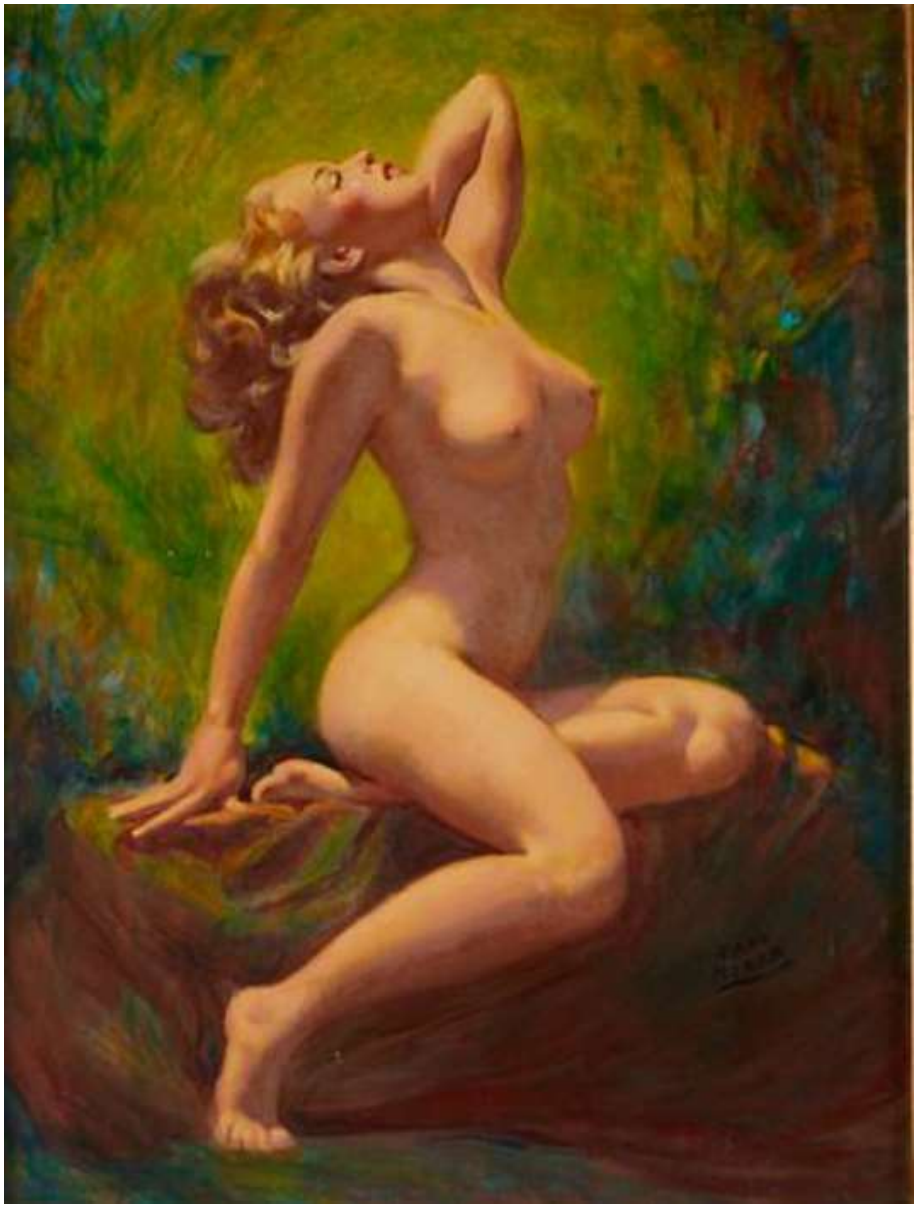
From 1946 to 1950 she would pose for many paintings by Moran and the two would become close friends. She credits Moran for credited him with making her legs look better than they were as she felt they were too thin.

It is entirely fair to ask the question, how many times did Norma Jean let the towel drop for her friend Earl Moran.

Here’s Marilyn in a see-through dress in a pictorial by Earl Moran in 1948

Moran did figurative paintings of some of his life drawing models.

Here's a painting of Marilyn by Earl Moran from 1948.



As an aside it is worth noting that Earl Moran had a daughter Peggy who was the apple in the eye of Alfred Cheney Johnston. In 1936 Peggy sat for some figurative pictorials the most impressive of which is one in which she is clothed in nothing more than a simple garland of flowers ... oh la la..,

Johnston and Moran were friends and so this leads to an interesting question; did Norma Jean ever sit for Alfred Cheney Johnston.

By the way, Marilyn Monroe is one of the most photographed starlets and if you caught her at the right moment you might catch all of her charm ...

In 1987 Playboy published a collection of pictorials done of Marilyn by Earl Moran. Around the same time Andre de Dienes would publish the second volume of his remembrances of Marilyn Monroe, which is a must read ...

Pictorial: Bet You Can't Do This …

Marilyn Monroe's 1949 Red Velvet Pictorials by SW

[**Los Angeles**] On May 27, 1949, unemployed and behind in her rent a 22-year-old Marilyn Monroe posed nude for Los Angeles photographer Tom Kelly. She received a one-time payment of $50 for the two hour long photo shoot.

The pictorials of her were done against a red velvet backdrop, and would go on to become the most famous portfolio in 20th century photographic history. One pictorial would appear as the center fold in the first issue of *Playboy* magazine in 1953.

While others profited from the photo, Monroe never received more than the original $50. As she later told the story, she had repeatedly rebuffed photographer Tom Kelley's suggestion that she pose nude until one day, nearly broke, she called him and relented. "I was desperate ... what else could I do?" Monroe would later say. She was behind in her rent and faced eviction. She was staying at the Hollywood Studio Club dormitory for starlets. She was a week behind in the rent.

Before sitting for the red velvet portfolio, Monroe had sat for a number of photographers in the period 1946 to 1949, including several famous photographers of feminine nudes such as Andres de Dienes and pin up artist Earl Moran. Monroe modelled for them for ten dollars an hour.

Andres de Dienes and Marilyn Monroe met in 1945 when he was looking to start photographing some of his artistic nudes, and he reached out to a couple of different model agencies looking for nude models, and one of them, the Blue Book model agency, said, “We’ve got this girl in my office really eager to get her start and she won’t leave me alone. We’re sending her to you,” and the way he describes it in his memoir he calls her a miracle, he calls her a sexy looking angel, sent just for him.

He became immediately obsessed and fascinated with her, decided that she was much too innocent and pure to take any nudes but he took her on a five week long vacation into the mountains, where they became very close, they actually returned from this trip engaged very briefly. But then Andres de Dienes went back to New York for a time and their engagement broke off, but they remained very close friends for the rest of her life.

Soon after her relationship with Andres de Dienes Marilyn began sitting for pictorials which would become the basis of pin up art for Earl Moran. Los Angeles being a small town where artists talk, it was through the pin-up art world that Marilyn met Tom Kelly the calendar photographer.

When Marilyn agreed to sit for the 1949 nude pictorials, Monroe asked that Kelly pay her $ 50 for a two hour sitting (twice her usual sitting fee) and that he never tell anyone she had posed in the nude and that he render the pictorials in a such a fashion to make her unrecognizable. The photographer promised her that no one would know except for himself and his wife Natalie, who acted as his studio assistant. Naively, she signed the model

release, giving up all rights to the photos, with a fictitious name, Mona Monroe.

Although Monroe was clearly recognizable in the pictures, she was not yet famous. That would change a few years later, after 20th Century Fox had begun to groom her for stardom. In 1949 there were some pictures taken of her at dance lessons and sitting for some pleasant publicity shots that were in the public domain.

In 1952 Tom Kelly sold the rights to one of the pictorials to a calendar published. When a Chicago publisher put a pictorial on the 1952 calendar, Marilyn's bosses at Fox blew their stacks. The studio bosses asked that she deny that it was her image. Instead, she went public and admitted it. Instead of ruining her career, as both Monroe and the studio had initially feared, it burnished her image as a sex symbol.

Here is a newspaper article from March 1953 on the matter:

MARILYN MONROE ADMITS SHE'S NUDE BLONDE OF CALENDAR

A photograph of a beautiful nude blonde on a 1952 calendar is hanging in garages and barbershops all over the nation today. Marilyn Monroe admitted today that the beauty is she. She posed, stretched out on rumpled red velvet for the artistic photo 3 years ago because "I was broke and needed the money".

"Oh, the calendar's hanging in garages all over town," said Marilyn. "Why deny it? You can get one any place. Besides, I'm not ashamed of it. I've done nothing wrong."

The beautiful blonde now gets a fat paycheck every week from an excited Twentieth Century-Fox studio. She's rated the most sensational sweater girl since Lana Turner....she lives in an expensive hotel room...She dines at Romanoff's. But in 1949 she was just another scared young blonde, struggling to find fame in the magic city, and all alone. As a child she lived in a Hollywood orphanage. She was pushed around among twelve sets of foster parents before she turned an insecure sixteen.

"I was a week behind on my rent," she explained. "I had to have the money. A photographer, Tom Kelley, had asked me before to pose but I'd never do it. This time I called him and said I would. Tom didn't think anyone would recognize me. My hair was long then. But when the picture came out, everybody knew me. I'd never have done it if I'd known things would happen in Hollywood so fast for me."

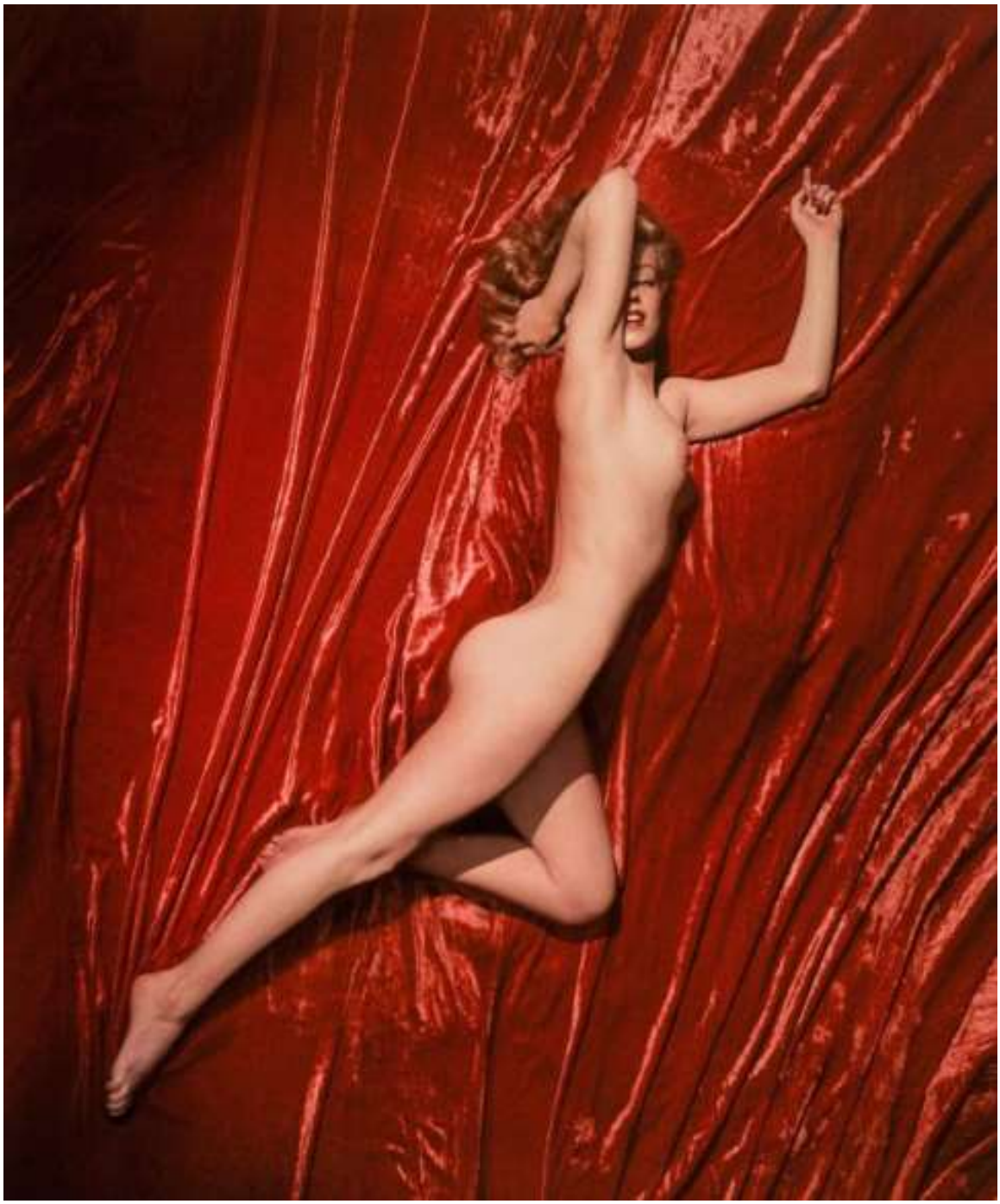
In the aftermath of the calendar confession, Marilyn was harangued by journalists. In typical fashion, when asked if it was true she had nothing on when she posed, she replied "Oh no, I had the radio on."

Playboy founder Hugh Hefner saw the calendar pictorial and purchased the rights for the pictorial from the calendar publisher for $ 500. It ran in the debut issue of *Playboy* magazine, which appeared on newsstands in December 1953. Over 50,000 copies were sold at 50 cents apiece.

The pictorial of Monroe as the center fold was run without Monroe's permission, with a primly and fully dressed Monroe on the cover. The inaugural issue of *Playboy* was a sellout and is a collector's item worth upwards of $ 20,000 today if in pristine condition.

On the following pages you can enjoy some of the Red Velvet Pictorials of Marilyn Monroe done by Tom Kelly …

Without doubt Marilyn Monroe was a very beautiful woman.



Popcorn

{Popcorn: Popular + Corny …}

Psychopathy, As Close as a Street Corner Near You, by Patrick

There are many psychological foibles that you can see when you walk the streets of a modern city. One of the foibles that is present just beneath the surface and is somewhat prevalent is narcissism. On average, around the world, narcissism afflicts around 5 % of the population as a whole, and is due partly to nature and partly to nurture. In some societies, particularly when there is a cultural arrogance, narcissism afflicts upwards of one in ten. Sometimes during periods of societal distress this pushes up the numbers.

The term narcissism was first described several millennia ago by the Roman poet Ovid in his work *Metamorphoses: Book III*. Ovid's myth is about Narcissus, a character cursed to fall in love with his own reflection. In modern times the psychologist Havelock Ellis used the term narcissism in 1898 to link the description of Narcissus to behaviour he observed in his patient. In 1905 Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, defined "narcissistic libido" in his book book *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality.* The psychologist Robert Waelder published the first case report in 1925 of pathological narcissism, describing "narcissistic personality." In 1968 "narcissistic personality" would be included for the first time in the DSM.

There are sometimes a clustering of other personality traits when a person displays a "narcissistic personality." For instance they may show dramatic and antisocial behaviour, as well as an indifference to the harm they are causing others.

One step past "narcissistic personality" is psychopathy, something that afflicts perhaps 1% of the population as a whole, and is somewhat dangerous. A statistically significant number of criminals are afflicted by Psychopathy.

In civil interactions there are perhaps two broad categories of individuals, those that act in a civil fashion because they have a kind heart and understand the consequences of their actions, and then those who are uncivil and hope there will be no meaningful consequences. The second category hope there is no ‘punishment’ for the uncivil action.

When the Covid-19 epidemic afflicted Canada about 90% of Canadians acted in a civil fashion, while about 10% acted in an uncivil manner. This ten percent is responsible for upwards of 10,000 needless additional deaths due to Covid-19 in Canada or about 15% of the mortality. In most cases the additional Covid-19 deaths due to uncivil behaviour were of people other than themselves. The uncivil behaviour harmed others.

This past week I encountered a woman that displayed a harmful, dramatic, antisocial "narcissistic personality." She also appears to be afflicted with Psychopathy.

I was sitting by myself at a public bus stop on the south side of a major shopping centre on the North Shore. It was mid-morning, on a lovely February day. There were several empty benches at three bus stop kiosks. I have asthma and so I was sitting at the kiosk furthest away from the bus stop itself, where a number of people were gathered.

After a few minutes I suddenly smelled an awful odour, started to cough, and turned only to find a woman had sat herself next to me and was vaping. I told her I had asthma and politely asked her to go elsewhere if she wanted to vape.

She smirked at me took another puff of her vaping and in a dramatic fashion blew the smoke into my face. In this she displayed a "narcissistic personality." In this she was obviously indifferent to the harm she was inflicting on someone else.

I then made mention to her that there is a bylaw, bylaw 4607, that makes it illegal to smoke and vape at bus stops in our community. I explained the bylaw is necessary because one-in-four people in our community are elderly, infirm or have cardiopulmonary issues. I told her the bylaw was to protect public health and safety.

She smiled with a *Cheshire Cat* smile and put away her vaper in her purse. Fine, I thought, this little drama was over. But no ... instead ... she took out a cigarette and lit it, with glee I made add. This was is clearly psychopathic behaviour on her part.

I told her I did not want to be assaulted by her and her smoke. I stood up and backed away from her and told her I would be taking her picture and sending it to our community mayor so that there was a record of what she had just done.

I also told her as well that I would tell the bus driver not to let her on his bus because she was smoking at the bus stop, and was indifferent to the harm she was causing others. I told her that the buses have cameras and so she would be recorded so that the Transit Police could deal with her at some future day.

I then walked away and stood near the others who had witnesses what she had just done. I had spoken loud enough so that there were witnesses to her uncivil actions.

When she realized how the others were staring at her and were clearly displeased with what she had just done, she got up and walked away.

You can easily recognize her by the gaudy gold rings she is wearing and her gaudy gold cigarette lighter ...

At this point I wondered if she was there at the bus stop to catch a bus or was there just to tickle her fancy, as a psychologist friend of mine would describe her motivations.

This is the second time in less than a year where I have come across such psychopathy on the streets of my community. The penultimate time was last spring when a ‘bonger’ decided ‘to coke up’ in front of our local library.

Here is the picture. Notice the smirk on her face.

Pictorial: A Man Under Tension

I Stripped at Sixteen by 'June Harlow'

[**Miami**] I started stripping when I was 16 years old.

People sometimes look shocked when I tell them that. They wonder how a "mere child," as they call me, could even think in her teens of making her living as a stripper. They wonder what effect it had on my morals. And then they shake their heads in disbelief even more when they learn that my aunt was the famous movie star, Jean Harlow, and that I began stripping at 16 because I figured that was the easiest way to follow in her footsteps in show business.

And then the final crusher comes when they find out that I got married when I was 17 — and that my husband know if I'll last beyond 25, but by that time I hope I won't have to worry about it. I'll have it made.

No, I don't regret starting early at all, and my advice to any girl who is thinking of show business as a career would be: start early.

How does a girl get started as a stripper at the age of 16? That's not an easy one to answer for other girls. But I can tell how it happened to me.

My aunt was the late Jean Harlow, who is still famous as the most beautiful movie star of the 1930's, and the original "platinum blonde." Aunt Jean died — of uremic poisoning, not in an airplane crash, as many people think — just a year before I was born. I never knew her personally, and it is one of the greatest regrets of my life. But her personality was constantly present

throughout my childhood. My relatives talked about her a lot, and every so often someone would look at me and say: “Little June takes after her aunt. When she grows up, she’ll probably follow in her footsteps.”

“Then they would turn to me and say, "How would you like to be a big movie star, honey?”

There was never any question in my mind what 1 was going to be when I grew up. I was going to be a big movie star just like Aunt Jean. It’s an ambition I still cherish, and one that I am constantly working to achieve.

As time passed, however, it became pretty plain that there was one big catch to my ambitions about show business. To put it bluntly, I grew up fat and not at all pretty. Somehow, my baby resemblance to Aunt Jean faded, and instead of her delicate features and slender limbs, I found myself with a round, snub-nosed face and pudgy figure.

I began to feel like an ugly duckling. The talk about my great career somehow faded out of the family conversations.

It didn’t get any better when, at 13, I left home in Kansas City to go to live with my married sister in St. Louis. 1 began to feel desperate. School got less and less interesting. The future seemed hopeless.

Then one day I read an ad in the paper that said, “Girls Wanted — No Experience Necessary.” It was put in by the manager of a show lounge on Chestnut Street in St. Louis, where I was living. So, I did the only thing I

could see to do. I packed my bag, walked quietly out of the house, and went to him.

The lounge had a marquee on the front, and the manager promised to put my name on it if I would do a strip act. I won't tell who he was because he knew how old 1 was, and he covered up for me. 1 suppose you could say I owe my career to him.

Anyhow, I asked him what I would have to do, and he said: "Honey, all you have to do is get up there and take it off, and when it's off, then shake what's left."

1 decided that would he kind of like dancing, which I'd always wanted to do, and maybe I could work into something better later on, so I took him up on it.

I was just two weeks past my 16th birthday.

I suppose that some people's eyebrows will disappear right into their hairlines when they read what I've just written.

Before they get too alarmed, I'd like to say something about show business of any kind, including the stripper circuit.

In some ways, we show people arc funny folk. We work when most people are having a good time, and we sleep or have our fun while they're working. We travel a lot, and the rush and tension of show time and touring give us a

kind of hectic outlook on life. But just because we are different, it doesn't mean we aren't human. In fact, if you ask me. I think a lot of show people arc more filled with human kindness and brotherly love than a lot of the people who look down on them as kind of freaks.

And, in their own way, they are just as moral.

That's what I found when I started working. The boss wouldn't let me mix with the customers, although I was willing, partly because 1 didn’t know what it was all about, and partly because I wanted to make a good impression on my first job.

And the other entertainers were careful to see to it that no one ever suggested a thing to me that was improper off stage. Just because a girl takes her clothes off in front of people, it doesn’t mean she wants to or is willing to do it anywhere and anytime.

Everyone wanted to see I didn't get hurt that way.

But in spite of this, my start wasn’t easy.

From the first, I met with the same kind of jealousy from older performers that I have met ever since.

There have been some wonderful people who are very dear to me for kindnesses they have done — Carrie Finnell, who calls me her “little baby

doll," and Shiela "The Peeler" Ryan are two. But most of the older girls gave me the cold shoulder.

Even if I wasn't the beauty that my Aunt Jean was, I was still attractive enough to be entertaining with my clothes off. Maybe some of them felt the threat in my youth.

I might say that girls today who start in stripping have it a lot easier than I did. They often get good training — I had none hut what I'd given myself in those bedroom practice sessions.

They also get good pay. Today a starting girl gets $75 or $100 a week, while only two and a half years ago I started at $35 a week.

Now however, I can command $400 a week, while girls who are just starting at the same age, get only the starting pay. I am happy that my apprenticeship is over. Before her salary can start to climb, a girl must learn a lot and I'm glad I did it before I reached 18.

One of my first and most important lessons came in Florida, where I went shortly after I started stripping. I was working down on the keys, when one night the manager came backstage after the show to tell me: "June, you ought to go back to St. Louis. You aren't ever going to get anywhere because all you can do is shake."

What he said was partly true. It was easy for me to shake, because I was so plump, and I did it most of the time.

“What people want,” he told me, “is to see something shake that means something to them. Fat doesn't mean a thing, and unless you take off some of that stuff and get some new gimmicks into your act, you’re going to get nowhere."

That started me on a diet kick that almost killed me.

In less than three months I dropped from 155 to 125 pounds. I did it by eating practically nothing — coffee and toast for breakfast, juice and salad for lunch, cottage cheese at night — and lots of exercise.

But to my great joy and surprise, my resemblance to Aunt Jean began to come back.

This was proven one day when some nosy neighbor, apparently annoyed at the sexy gymnastics I used to do in my back yard — I had a little cottage near Miami at the time, because I was working there — called the police.

1 was busy doing the “bicycle” exercise with my legs in the air when the squad car came up. Two big policemen got out and came around to the yard, and explained they had come because of a complaint of indecent exposure.

I stood up in my bikini suit and looked them straight in the eye and said: "I am a professional entertainer and 1 am doing my exercises. I do them every day and they are necessary to keep my job. Would you arrest an honest working girl for taking care of the tools of her trade?”

They just stood there and looked for a minute. Then one of them blushed and said:

“Well, I guess that’s right.” He and his buddy went away, hut I noticed they drove past the house in the afternoon a good deal more often after that.

Indecent exposure indeed. 1 wonder what that neighbour would have said if she saw me at work!

There are many people who think that strippers must become immoral because they take their clothes off and often drink with the customers afterward. Let me tell you how I handled this problem when I first came up against it in New Orleans.

“You’ll have to mix with the customers,” my new boss said.

"But I don’t drink." I protested.

“You, my sweet,” he answered, “will learn.”

I don’t claim to have any great brain, any more than I claim to have a great talent. I just have a beautiful body and long platinum blonde hair. So it was easy for me to figure a way out of this one. I would be a real “dumb blonde.”

It wasn’t hard for me to put it on a little and be real dumb. This made it possible for me to just ignore any passes 1 didn’t like. If a man had his hand

on my knee. I'd admire the setting in his ring, or the shape of his fingers. I was too “dumb” to get the pitch.

When drinks came, I was even dumber.

I would look at a bottle of champagne — I never drink anything but champagne when I'm working— and say: “This is terrible. We don’t want to drink that stuff."

With that, I'd turn the bottle upside down in the ice bucket, and let it empty. The customer would be so surprised that he wouldn't know what to do until it was too late. Then I’d smile prettily at him. He couldn't be mad.

Sometimes when the second bottle came. I’d look at it, and say it wasn’t any good either, and I'd throw it on the floor.

They’d mostly just look aghast, and say. “That's my baby. Beautiful, but oh, so dumb.”

When I had to drink. I'd mostly just empty the glass on the floor while the customer wasn't looking. I’d go home sober, and the boss would be happy because I’d have used up more liquor than any two girls could drink. It got so that some of the rich customers used to come in and buy me drinks just to see what I'd do. They said it was worth it to lose the money.

So I don't think my early start has had any effect on my morals at all. I'm really a homebody, and at the moment I'm very much involved with Russ

DiMaggio, youngest of the famous baseball brothers. I wouldn't be here if my morals were bad.

Meanwhile, my career is going along just fine. 1 hope I'll be able to fill my Aunt Jean's shoes before long. Don't get me wrong. I don't want to ride on her fame. I want to be an individual and reach stardom on my own merits.

But there is another actress whose name I'd rather not mention who has been called "the second Jean Harlow." and has made a lot out of it. This burns me up. I think if anyone is going to be the second Jean Harlow, it should be me. After all, blood is thicker than water, and while I don't think anyone could top Aunt Jean. 1 feel that I can come closest.

My measurements are almost exactly hers — 37-23-35; my eyes and hair are the same color; and I'm within a half inch of her height. And I think by the time I am 214— the age at which my Aunt Jean entered movies — I will be a seasoned performer and ready to do the same kind of job.

Meanwhile, I am going to do the best I know how in the burlesque field. A lot of famous performers have come from it. I realize it isn't exactly the ballet career I dreamed of when I was a kid. But when I come on stage with my rose-red costume, and a big basket of American Beauty roses to throw to the audience, the applause is wonderful. And there's no more wonderful sound in the world.

Show business is show business, and now that I'm in it, I don't think it matters much how I got here. At least I didn't have to do any favors for any producers, if you know what 1 mean.

And the best years of my life — and my career are still ahead of me.

{first published in *Cabaret* Magazine, Vol. 2, No. 5, 1956}

{**Editor's Note**: June Harlow was not in any way, shape or even form related to Jean Harlow. Nor was her 'significant other' related to Joe DiMaggio. It was all a gimmick to get publicity and made money. June was in fact a Miami housewife who went on the road in the Southern states to make money off her 'God given assets.' We have all met such a type at some point in our lives.}

The Surréal

This Modern Living by Arnold Bennett

A Study of the Difficulties Which a Complex Civilization Presents for the Women of Today

[**New York, 1929**] An example is worth ten general statements of what is. I give an example, known to me, of the role of a woman in this modern living. Her husband is a busy professional man. He is also a man not notable for tidiness, and has to be followed about in the house by a wife who transforms his disorder into her order. His profession necessitates various social contacts, so that the pair are frequently entertained and frequently entertain. In practice the entertainer is of course his wife. The husband comes in and enlivens the meal; but it is the wife who has organized the meal. For certain reasons the entertaining and the being entertained involve late nights. But the wife must be up early, for she escorts her young children to school, and, no matter what time the mother has gone to bed, the school exacts punctuality. She often drives the car, and—more trouble¬ some—she parks and garages it.

Like most of us she is always preoccupied with the two grand problems of this modern living: satisfactory domestic service, and making both ends meet. She always designs her own frocks and sometimes makes them. When the pair go away for a holiday she first packs for herself and then packs for her husband, who cannot be trusted to pack for himself. She, keeps the family accounts. She battles with tradesmen, and with pedagogues, and with the ill- health of the family, for when a malady supervenes she is the nurse as well.

“Well,” you say, “there is nothing very extraordinary in all that.”

Admitted. But I have incidentally to add that the wife also follows a profession.

Another example: a modern couple, at whose house I attended a dinner of over thirty covers. It was a good dinner, served with perfect tranquillity and without delay.

The point is that they had no servants— only a morning help. An intimate guest here and there inobtrusively assisted, according to previous arrangement. I was so intrigued by this amazing feat of entertaining that, being of an inquisitive and informal disposition, I said to my hostess after the dinner was finished:

"I want to see your kitchen."

The kitchen, radiant as a kitchen in some Ideal Home exhibition, was utterly empty of debris. In the scullery all the dirty crockery lay neatly assorted in piles to await the advent of the help the next morning.

Such is this modern living. It is very different from the ancient living which even I, who am not yet quite as old as Methuselah, can well remember. All the new developments affect women more than men. For both sexes there are more, and more various, interests demanding physical and mental activity. We have more games, more holidays, more diversions, more public spectacles, more change, more entertaining, and more arguments—particularly about the

national welfare and the relations and comparative value of the sexes; indeed more everything, except perhaps sleep.

But men had always their present interests. Men are doing nothing today which they did not do aforetime. Women are now doing all sorts of things which they used not to do and which then they were not expected to do; and speaking broadly they are besides still doing all the things which they used to do. The demands on the energy of women have tremendously multi¬ plied. The women of this age have to be, and are, political, financial, sociological, criminological, artistic, scientific, intellectual. They must and do keep abreast of every manifestation of human activity. They must and do take part with intelligence and knowledge in all discussions. They read the "woman's page" of newspapers. But they read the other pages too. Books, plays, films, murders, politics, sports, fluctuations in the stock market—these and a hundred other matters all come within the scope of their comprehension and their criticism.

When men "join the ladies" their conversation is no longer narrowed down to suit the limitation of lesser minds; it continues in full, wide stream. Women still see things differently from men, and always will; but they do see. Formerly they did not see; for they merely did not look.

Add to all this the influence of two other indisputable facts. First, that the woman's business of running a home has become much more difficult than it was. Second, that women give much more time and brains and enthusiasm to personal appearance than they did. And you will wonder how on earth women

contrive to get through with the job of living on the old time-allowance of twenty-four hours a day.

And you will not wonder at the complaint which you hear on all sides about the resulting excessive strain upon their nervous energy. This complaint is justified. If women in old days did not live excitingly enough, they now live too excitingly.

Women somehow cannot leave out trifles. They will not admit that trifles are trifles. They are reorganizing their existences with¬ out having properly grasped the great truth that the basis of good organizing is a sense of proportion.

The first-rate organizer is never in a hurry; he is never late; he always keeps up his sleeve a margin for the unexpected. This is so well known that everyone in need of help goes by instinct to the busy, organized man. It is only the ill-organized, busy person who has no spare time for others. Women on the contrary are too often in a hurry. In addition to expecting too much from human nature, they expect too much from clocks; they have a superstitious notion that, when it is convenient to them, the hands of clocks will cease to move.

One final suggestion. Time was always precious, but never so precious as in this modern living. The aim is continually to save time. Now in certain states of mind the best way to save time is to waste it. One of the most furious and successful workers of the twentieth century made a habit of spending a day a

week in bed. I rather doubt whether any woman would be capable of a procedure so drastic; nor would I dare to demand it of any woman.

But I would respectfully suggest to every woman who feels herself “rushed” that between one task and the next she should lie down, relax her muscles, shut her eyes, and empty her brain for five minutes.

She would lose the five minutes, but she would most assuredly gain more than five; and she would gain, too, the invaluable sensation of serenity in the modern storm.

Pictorial: An Uncovered … Cover …

On the Approach of Middle Age by Somerset Maughan

[**London, 1923**] It is like any other of the necessary trials of life, such as marriage or death; you think of it vaguely as something that must be endured, but you seldom give it serious consideration till you are face to face with it. A man will hardly wait to learn swimming till he is thrown into the sea, but he will take no thought for his conduct in a crisis which is as dangerous and, unlike the other, by no prudence to be avoided.

Before he knows where he is, he finds himself floundering in the perilous forties. He is now that baldish, stout person whom twenty years before he jeered at when he saw him dancing, a little out of breath, with girls who might be his daughters. He is now the gentleman in the Rolls-Royce, smoking a long cigar, whom he used to outdrive at golf by thirty yards and who wilted not a little towards the end of the second round. Yesterday, he was a young man, and today he drinks lithia water.

Because, as a lad, I had seen much of the world and traveled a good deal, because I was somewhat widely read and my mind was occupied with matters beyond my age, I seemed always older than my contemporaries; but it was not until the outbreak of the Great War that I had an inkling of the horrid truth. I learned then, to my consternation, that I was a middle-aged man. I consoled myself by reflecting that I could be thus described only militarily, so to speak; but not so very long after, I had an experience which put the matter beyond doubt. I had been lunching at a restaurant with a woman whom I had known a long time, and her niece. This was a girl of sev¬ enteen, pretty, with blue eyes and very pleasing dimples. I found it vastly agreeable to look at her, and

I did my best to amuse her. She rewarded my sallies with rippling laughter. Well, after luncheon we took a taxi to go to a matinee. My old friend got in, and then her niece. But the girl sat down on the tip-up seat, leaving the empty place at the back beside her aunt for me.

Painful Discriminations

For a moment I stood rooted to the pavement. Amid the clatter of street cars and the screams of klaxons I heard the ominous tolling of a bell. It was the knell of my dead youth. In the gesture of this maiden, I discerned the civility of youth (as opposed to the rights of sex) to a gentleman no longer young. I realized that she looked upon me with the respect due to age. Respect: it is a chilling thing for a girl to give to a man. The boat had given a sudden lurch, and there was I, all unprepared, struggling for my life in an unknown sea.

It is not a very pleasant thing to recognize that for the young you are no longer an equal. You belong to a different generation. For them your race is run. They can look up to you; they can admire you; but you are apart from them: for boys you are no longer a competitor, for girls you are no longer marriageable. It is only the widow of a certain age who still casts an inquisitive eye on you. You may just as well marry and have done with it.

I think I have always been more conscious of my age than most men. It is generally supposed that the young live in the present, but I know that I lived only in the future. I was ever looking forward, generally to something I proposed to do in some place other than that in which I found myself; and no sooner was I there, doing what I had so much wanted, than it became of small

account, for my fancy raced forward and I busied myself with what next year would bring. I never enjoyed the daffodils of today, because I was always thinking of the roses of tomorrow. Sometimes I think that it is the unimaginative who get the most out of life, for to them alone the fleet¬ ing moment is all in all.

My youth passed me unnoticed, and I was always burdened with the sense that I was growing old. To me, nothing is more wonderful than the consciousness of youth which in these days the young have. They are deeply aware that it is lovely and fugitive. They know, as we of a past day did not, that it is precious, and that they must make the most of it. I was young in an elderly world. Then people shrugged their shoulders at youth; it was an indisposition which time would cure, and the young were impatient to grow older.

The Compensation of Age

But middle age has its compensations. One is that, on the whole, you feel no need to do what you do not like. You are no longer ashamed of yourself. You are reconciled to being what you are, and you do not much mind what people think of you. They can take you or leave you. You do not want to impose upon them with false pretenses. Youth is bound hand and foot with the shackles of public opinion.

I was never of great physical strength, and even as a lad long walks tired me; but I went on them because I would not con¬ fess my weakness. I do not mind now, and so I save myself much weariness. I hated cold water, but for many

years I took cold baths and bathed in cold seas because I wanted to be like everybody else. I used to dive from heights that made me nervous, because I was afraid of seeming afraid. I was mortified because I played games less well than my companions. When I did not know a thing, I was ashamed to confess my ignorance; and it was not until quite late in life that I discovered how easy it is to say: I don't know. I am prepared now to admit cheerfully that I never can tell where I and J come in the alphabet. I find that my neighbors do not expect me to walk five and twenty miles, or to play a scratch game of golf, or to dive from a hateful board thirty feet from the water. That is all to the good, and makes life much less unpleasant; but I should no longer care if they did. It is discreet even in middle age to treat the opinion of your fellows with a show of politeness, but in your heart you can cock a snook at them.

When I left school (gathering my passion for freedom into a compact symbol), I said to myself: henceforward, I can get up when I like and go to bed when I like. That, of course, was an illusion; and I soon found that the trammelled life of civilized man only permits a modified independence. When you have an aim, you must sacrifice something of freedom to achieve it. But by the time you have reached middle age, you have discovered just how much freedom it is worthwhile to sacrifice in order to achieve the aim you have in view.

Though I find the young in the mass charming, I do not find them good company. For they take themselves with a seriousness which is only unintentionally diverting. Humor is rooted in disillusion, and golden illusions press them around about. It is middle age that laughs, since it is difficult to laugh at the world until you have first learned to laugh at yourself.

So here are at least two good things that middle age gives you: the inestimable boon of freedom, and the precious gift of laugh¬ ter. What makes youth unhappy is its de¬ sire to be like everybody else: what makes middle age tolerable is its reconciliation with oneself.

But frankness well becomes the man who is no longer young: I would sooner be a fool of twenty-five than a philosopher of fifty.

{first published in VF in 1923}

Absurdity

A Tale to Make You Day Dream by Leigh Clarke

Being a naturist is one thing — being a life model is something else entirely! Carolyn had thought that taking her clothes off and sitting still for a couple of hours would be an easy way of earning money. Unfortunately it hadn't turned out that way. To start with, she wasn't very good at staying still, and the positions they wanted her to hold would have tested the suppleness of an acrobat.

Then again, there was no-one else in the class under sixty years of age and although they were all very nice to her she didn't feel she had much in common with them.

The class was held between two and four-thirty on a Friday, afternoon in the village hall. It was hardly an ideal location as the passing lorries shook the whole building until the windows rattled and the floorboards bounced. And of course they had to draw all the curtains and work by artificial light in case any passer-by should decide to try and peer in. Carolyn hated the dusty, yellow glow of the lights and she was thoroughly bored with staring at the faded banners that the Salvation Army stored at the back of the hall between their Sunday parades. Of course the money was good, and if she'd had something interesting to look at or listen to, she was sure she would have been able to sit without moving a muscle for hours.

Once she took along her cassette player and some lively. music but the class had complained that it was too distracting. She had to admit that perhaps the Rolling Stones weren't to everybody's taste! On the other hand, she loved to

see the drawings they had produced by the end of the session. The twenty or so aspiring artists were of wildly varying ability. There was Ron, who could scarcely produce more than a stick figure after two hours slaving over a hot sketchpad. By contrast Colin turned out sketch after sketch, his hand flying over the paper at amazing speed. Carolyn wished that she really looked like the slim, elegant young woman whose image emerged from Colin's easel. Although it was recognisably her, he somehow transmuted her plumpness to enticing curves, her unruly frizzled hair to elegant ringlets and her fat little hands into something a manicurist would have been proud of.

It was Colin who had shown her how she could look if she really tried — and his sketches had inspired her to go on a diet and have a good haircut. To her great surprise and pleasure, she was already starting to look more like the ideal woman that he drew, and it was doing wonders for her self-confidence.

Nevertheless there was no getting away from the fact that the class was boring, and it was getting more and more difficult for her to motivate herself to go along each week.

It was all a far cry from nudity as she understood it. She relished being naked in the fresh air, feeling the breeze moving across her body, or the delicious shock of plunging into a swimming pool and feeling the tingling response of her nerve ends to the cold water. She adored playing mini-ten or volleyball with the kids at the club, or just sitting and chatting with her friends whilst soaking up some rare English sunshine.

Getting a numb behind and pins and needles in her legs from sitting on an uncomfortable horsehair sofa didn't bear any resemblance to the joys of naturism as she understood them. Calling it a life class was a joke — there was more life in an undertaker's window!

She never quite understood whether it was boredom, or simple devilment that suddenly prompted her to suggest an outdoor life class.

It was a hot afternoon and the-hall was dustier, dimmer and more boring than ever before. The class muttered quietly to themselves and she could hear the scratching of charcoal on paper and the frantic sharpening of pencils.

She was stretched out on her back, with nothing to look at but the ceiling, and she was suddenly reminded of a stuffed trout that was displayed in the local fishing-tackle shop's window. She realised that she and the trout had a lot in common, they were both immobile and glassy-eyed and they were both carefully arranged to maximum advantage on a piece of blue cloth!

The idea struck her as hilarious and she started to giggle. Of course this destroyed the pose she was supposed to be holding and she had to sit up to avoid getting hiccups. Once she had recovered from her laughing fit she had to explain to the class what it was that she had found so amusing. She could hardly tell them that she had been comparing herself to a stuffed trout, so she said the first thing that came into her head.

‘I was just wondering if it wouldn’t be fun to have a life class in the open air for a change?’ she said. And that gave her a mental image of the class gathered round her in the car-park with their easels and camp-stools and all the HGV drivers veering all over the road as they realised what was going on! So, she got the giggles again, and as it was nearly four-thirty and there was no point in setting up another pose, the class broke up a little early, but in good humour.

On her way home she just couldn’t stop laughing each time she thought of a different location to take the class to: by the fountain outside the Town Hall, on the green by the police station, or in Marks and Spencers’ food hall! Perhaps one day she would really be able to take the class to some secluded area and show them how nudity should really be depicted.

In the meantime she had found a way of fighting the boredom of Friday afternoons. All she had to do was imagine herself in some exotic location and spend a couple of hours daydreaming about sun, sand and surf. The best way to put some life into her life class was bring it with her!

{first published H & E, July 1992}

Pictorial: Can you guess what this is?

It’s a whistle from many millennia ago.

My Aversion to Water by Colleen Monterrosa

[**Mexico City**] I grew up in Mexico. Supposedly when I was just a few weeks old I died and then was reborn. My mother was giving me a bath in my little pink bathtub when her cellphone rang. She left me alone for perhaps twenty seconds to fetch her cellphone and by the time she had returned I had slipped under the water, drowned and was turning blue.

She lifted me out from under the water, grabbed me by the legs and flipped me upside down to drain the soapy water from my lungs, got me breathing again and then took me to the hospital. I was in the hospital for observation for several days.

At such a young age there is no way of knowing how such a trauma will affect you. Even today, sixteen years later we don't really know. Being a baby I was too young to remember my drowning … first hand … but psychologically I have an aversion to water. Being told you had died, is a bit of a twofold shock.

Last year I found out about my drowning indirectly when I sought counselling, through my school, for some of my phobias. It was my counsellor who asked my mother about why I have an aversion to water. My mother sat me down and told me what happened. She cried for days and days afterwards. My mother's confession has distanced her from me, but that is not of my doing, but hers.

Girls like to take baths. Boys like to take showers. Even if I sit in a bathtub with a few centimeters of water I panic and have to hop out. I am a girl who likes to take very quick showers. The feel of water against my skin affects me. In a few seconds I start to get anxious and in a minute or two I start to panic.

Just a few weeks ago when I was caught outside in a rain storm and I had to go to the hospital when I went into a full blown anxiety attack. I was in the hospital for observation for several hours.

This month I went to summer camp. Several activities included the lake like canoeing and swimming. I had a doctor's note to say I was to be excused from any water activities because of my aversion to water. There was a camp volunteer that was assigned to me so that we could do things together while the other students did their canoeing and swimming. He was a clever young man …

One afternoon we went for a hike around the lake. The hike was perhaps two or three kilometers long. It went up and down and so the actual distance we walked was longer. It was a hot afternoon and before long we were both sweating. We stopped to sit and cool off in the shade and chatted. He asked me why I had an aversion to water and so I told him. He told me he had once drowned in a lake when he was my age and well he survived the trauma. I felt very close to him after he shared this with me. Here was someone who could understand.

I asked him whether he had an aversion to water and he said no. I was surprised! He explained that when he fell into the lake he did not know how to swim. Now he knows how to swim and so he doesn't panic in water anymore.

I told him that I don't even like the feel of water on my skin.

He told me he would teach me how to swim. We stayed near the shore so that if I stood my feet touched the bottom and so I was safe. He first taught me how to float and thread water. Then he taught me how to swim on my back.

I let him hold me and from time to time I felt a tingle between my legs. It was this tingle that helped me calm my anxiety. I soon found I had to swim on my stomach because my excitement showed through my bathing suit, top and {*blush*} my bottoms too.

In a few days I was swimming in the lake, but I still felt anxious when I was in water.

By the end of the camp I knew how to not to panic around water. Now I even take baths instead of showers. What is interesting is that my fear has been replaced by a special pleasure … that only a girl can have.

Novella: Against my Better Judgement

{this is an excerpt from the longer story}

There I was all by myself in the giant, calm room. The art studio was in the west wing, the department furthest from the entrance of the school. The school had only recently let their new European art teacher organize life drawing sessions for her senior art students. It was part of the progressive and European style art curriculum she had brought into the school. The school was a posh private school. Perhaps only a posh private school could be able to invite in live models?

The female art teacher had found me on a life drawing model's website that art schools had set up. I had sat for teaching studios around town and had a fine reputation. She had opted for an older and experienced man for their first life drawing session and had invited me to come sit for her art classes this afternoon.

I have sat for a number of teaching studios around town. I pride myself by being able to keep my repose while on the podium. She had probably heard that I *turtled* when I sat for artists. Can you figure what '*turtling'* means?

I had arrived early. The art instructor had invited me to wait by myself in the studio. The first thing I did when I was alone was to doff my street clothes and wrap myself in my robe. It would not be good to leave clothes marks on my body. The concrete floor was cold. I cursed for not bringing slippers. I left my socks on.

I walked about the studio looking at the myriad of different props and costumes. There was a low podium near the centre of the studio. There was a torso, a figurine of a woman, used in fashion design, which I lifted and set

besides the podium. There were only a few tall tables with tall lounge chairs so I knew there were not many students in the art class. I counted the chairs. There were ten.

The far wall was a floor to ceiling window that let in natural lighting. I walked over and looked out. It was a nice sunny day. The large window gave a wonderful panoramic view of English Bay. Lucky for me there was no chance for anyone to look into the studio, for the school was way about the levels of the surrounding houses. I would have been self-conscious if someone could look in.

Once I sat at a teaching studio in Vancouver that backed onto a residential building. A good hour into a life drawing session I glanced out the window and across the back lane only to see an old woman sitting in a chair on her balcony eyeing me with her opera glasses. Half way through a figurative pose I pirouetted around. The instructor got miffed asking me why "I broke the pose." I told her to look out the window … in a few seconds all the curtains were drawn shut.

But drawing just didn't work with the over-head fluorescent light. So I put on my loin cloth and told the art instructor she could open the curtains. When the old woman saw I was wearing a loin cloth she put away her opera glasses, went inside, closed her balcony door.

A few seconds later … to provoke me I guess … the old woman reappeared *starkers*, drooping breasts and all. I closed my eyes. The art instructor and her six students turned around and gawked out the window. When the art

instructor at this teaching studio saw what the old woman was doing, she called for a break and moved her life drawing class into another studio that had windows that did not back across the lane. In the other studio I once again took off my loin cloth …

For some models they don't mind *voyeurs*. Being an artist in my own right, I do!

I turned back towards the podium and slowly surveyed the art studio. The overhead fluorescent lights were turned off. It looked like the art students would be doing their sketches under natural lighting. I walked back to the podium and held my hand in front of my body. There was no discernable shadow cast by my hand on the floor. There were no curtains to close on the windows. Pity I thought the artists would have more fun sketching if there were shadows.

There off to the left was a cozy corner where a comfortable couch, two chairs and a nice bright orange furry rug was set out. I recognized the rug, chairs and couch as having come from IKEA. When I stripped naked I had set my clothes onto one chair and put my tote bag onto the other. I had carefully folded my clothes with my underwear on the top of the pile. Boxers or briefs you ask?

Briefs … bright and colourful enough to be seen across the room. They were meant to be a sort of a tease for the artists when they come into the studio.

I walked over to the chairs and took my water bottle from my bag. I took a sip, then put it back into my tote bag. Today I had brought a minimum of

costuming with me. I brought a bright gold bolt of cloth that would be my drapery. I had brought a collapsible two meter tall green pole and a small trident for its head. I set my costuming next to the podium then walked back to the cozy corner.

I sat down on the couch and removed my socks. Then I tickled my toes on the furry carpet. I looked behind me at the inviting couch then laid down, folded myself into the fetal position and tucked myself under my robe. Then I chilled, nude on the couch, using my robe as a blanket. I smiled thinking I bet no one had ever done what I was doing before … chilling nude on the couch in this studio.

I have sat in a number of studios over the years. Each studio has its own character. Some studios are cold and uninviting. Some are crass and tawdry. Some are shoddy and downright dangerous. And then some studios are warm and inviting.

As I lounged nude on the couch in this teaching studio I felt comfortable and safe.

I could hear the hustle and the bustle of the students in the hallway. I tried to relax for I knew once the students arrived to do art then matters would get both personal and intense. I gazed across the room and surveyed the podium. Then I closed my eyes and imagined I| was standing there nude on the podium surrounded by young and inspiring artists. I would be completely and utterly vulnerable. I stirred …

This afternoon I would be sitting for high school students who have never done life drawing before, let alone having drawn a figurative model! I suspected most of the art students would be young women, and that some of them will have never before seen the male form … *in the flesh*.

It is one thing to enjoy pictures of naked men. It is another thing to enjoy the pleasures of a male model *in the flesh*. As you read this has your sex come alive?

In such circumstances it is important you do not become self-conscious, for that could lead to arousal and real embarrassment. Irrespective of whether the model was male or female, nothing is worse than arousal. When a man becomes aroused it is clearly evident, his penis grows and grows. But it is also evident when a woman becomes aroused. It is in the sudden release of her pheromones, in her blushing and her goose bumps, in the hardness of her nipples and if you are the perceptive type, in the peeking out from within her labia of her petite clitoris.

An artist model has to remain calm and composed at all times. I can tell you that sometimes this is easier said than done. I would be reminded of this, this afternoon.

I had ten minutes of quiet calm repose laying there when my privacy was rudely interrupted. There was someone knocking at the door, clearly wanting to enter.

Knock … knock … knock! Go away I thought. It was the student's lunch break.

I had been told to keep the door closed and let things sit by the art instructor until she returned at 1. For a few seconds the quiet returned. Then more knocking.

I tried my best to ignore the noise. But no … they knocked a third time, this time banging the door with their fist. I bolted up. This has got to stop I thought! Against my better judgement, I stood up, walk briskly to the door and tied my robe closed just as I opened the door.

I had half expected a boy or an Amazonian girl, but instead there were two petite girls standing at the door, clinging tightly to their notebooks. I noticed the instructor has posted a sign on the door *Life Drawing Session in Progress – Do Not Enter!* I said to the two girls, "the life drawing class doesn't start until after lunch."

"I know," the first said, "I am just here to drop off my things." She was not going to take no for an answer. She pushed past me. Who was I to stop her? I was just the model … the *objet art* … the naked flesh that she would soon be enjoying. I had not authority over her except perhaps that I was over three times her age.

I glanced up at the clock above the door. It was only 12:25.

I turned to her and said. "Couldn't that have waited until after lunch?" I replied. As my attention was focused on the first girl, the second girl furtively stepped into the room behind me and had noiselessly closed the door behind her.

What's going on here, I thought. I turned to the second girl and asked her, "are you going to drop off your things as well?"

"No … I am not in this art class," she said.

"Then you shouldn't be in here." I stepped towards the door hoping to open it to usher her out. But she boldly barred my way. The second girl wasn't listening to me, and obviously had something on her mind.

She had a game she wanted to play with me! I better be careful with her…I thought. But when I noticed she had a sparkle in her blue eyes. I felt I could play carefully with her for a while … yet still enjoy her game.

"Is it true?" the second girl asked me.

"Is what true?" I calmly replied.

The first girl had set down her things at the best place in the studio and was now back standing beside her friend. The second girl looked at the first then back at me before she continued "Is it true … that you're going to be *naked*?"

Aha ... that's the game they wanted to play. I smiled. They hoped to see me naked. I decided to play along with the two girls. "We don't use that term … in art."

"What … *Naked*?" the second girl asked.

I nodded my head.

"What then?" the first girl asked. Oh my … it was going to be tag team!

I turned to the first girl dividing my attention equally between both girls. "We might use the term *nude* … or …" I emphasized the word … or …

"Or?" the second took the bait..

I turned to the second girl. "Or … draped, semi-draped or figurative."

"Huh?" the first girl was bemused.

I glanced down at the floor between the two as I continued. "Draped is when the model wears *une cache sexe* and some drapery … semi-draped is when the model wears *une cache sexe* but no drapery … and when a model sits as a figurative model they are completely nude." By looking down at the floor I wanted the two girls to feel that I was perhaps uncomfortable by their presence. Maybe that would temper their appetites and curtail their mischief.

The first girl lowered her head a bit and tried to look up into my face. "*Une cache sexe* what is that?" she asked timidly.

Without looking up I said, "it is a French term for wearing something that hides away your genitals … for a woman it is a thong. For a man it is a loin cloth …"

"So … are you going to wear a *cache sexe* when you model for us then?" I could tell the first girl enjoyed learning this new term.

I looked up at her. "Yes, at the start of an art session, I always wear a loin cloth." I pulled my loin cloth out from my robe pocket and let it hang from the index finger of my left hand. It was a brightly coloured piece of cloth with a ribbon tie on both sides. "Then I let the artists decide whether they want me to take it off or not. Not all artists want to draw a nude male you know. Some artists are bashful." I lifted my eyes and looked at them both as I said this.

The two girls stared at my loin cloth. In anticipation they would persist in wanting to see what I '*looked like,*' I slipped my loin cloth on under my robe. While I did this … I suspect the two girls caught a brief glimpse of my lifeless penis.

They both tittered. The first girl smiled and said "when I draw you I want you to be completely nude."

I smiled at the first girl and said "no doubt you would." Then I turned to the second girl. "… do you do any art?" I asked her.

“Yes, I sometimes do art …,” she answered.

“She’s rather good at art,” said the first girl “… better than any of us in fact.

“Really.” I turned to the second girl and smiled.

“Yes … that’s why my mom won’t let me take art at school. She’s a professional artist. I have been doing art since I was very young. Maybe three or four. ”

“Wouldn’t it be an easy A for you then … taking this art class?” I asked.

“Yes, but I would be bored I think … *except* …”

I knew what she would allude to, but nonetheless I asked, “*except what*?” since I was curious to see where our conversation would go.

“*Except* … if I could get to draw a nude man ... “

I gave her a reassuring smile then suggested, “why don’t you ask the art instructor to let you stay to do some life drawing today?”

She smirked. “I have a math exam right after lunch. I can’t skip it. I have already skipped too many math classes. I am on probation. If I skip they will expel me.”

“Oh I see …” I glanced up at the clock. It was twenty to the hour. Time seemed to be passing slowly for the three of us. Both girls looked up at the clock as well.

The second girl then peeked at the first, who nodded. The first girl then turned to me and blurted out “show us your cock!”

I was caught off guard by her audaciousness. “Is that why you are here? It’s not to do life drawing … but to enjoy some *burlesque*?”

The two girls sniggered.

“This isn’t a *burlesque* performance you know.” As I said this I made airs as if I was a burlesque dancer. A few years back, at a whim, I had in fact danced *burlesque* and won first prize at a contest, but that is a story for another day.

The second girl glanced fleetingly at the first, then turned back to me. Without me asking … the second girl drew down her panties, spread her legs and then held up the front of her skirt.

“Oh My God!” I yelped.

A second later the first girl followed suit. They looked down at each other, then at me both started to giggle hysterically.

In one crazy deed, the two girls had brashly and brazenly upped the ante to their game …My face went hot with blush. I had not expected them to be so

audacious. They both were very beautiful … etched sculptures made out of pink marble. For a few seconds I did not know what to say or do. I just gawked self-consciously.

The first girl had a rich afforest of hair between her legs, brunette colour just like the hair on her head. This all but hid away her *source de vie*. The second girl has a simple pennant of blonde hair that started on her *mons pubis* and furrowed a shallow valley between her labia. Her sex was perfect. It could be that of a twelve year old or a twenty year old. I could see her clitoris peeking out from her labia.

For a few seconds I just stood there speechless. I began to stir. They knew the effect they were having on me. I could clearly see the effect I was having on them. I could see goose bumps growing on their thighs and their labia engorging with blood. I could smell their pheromones. This game of theirs had become erotic.

It was when I looked up at their faces that the silence was spent. "We have shown you our cunts" the second girl uttered "… now show us your cock!"

I knew I had to tread carefully from this moment on. I smiled calmly at the two girls. "Every time I see the beauty of the feminine," I paused … "then I am convinced that God exists … for only God can create such remarkable beauty."

The two girls hadn't expected me to respond in this way. They both lowered their eyes and I wondered if the felt the pang of embarrassment. But I did not

want them to feel embarrassment for what they had just shared with me. I was a perfect stranger … a man they had decided to share *Eros* with. They were charming!

I continued. "You both have a very beautiful *source de vie*."

"*Source de vie*?" the first girl asked.

"Your *source of life* … where babies come from. You don't know how lucky you are being girls … being young … being smart, and being so incredibly beautiful!"

They both giggled, then looked up at me with a renewed tenacity. Their eyes sparkled with life. I could see they were both dripping from their *source de vie*.

I slowly reached over with both my hands. As I leaned forward I could smell the rawness of them. I guessed the girls were expecting me to perhaps tease them with my fingers. Instead I paused for a second then slowly pulled up their panties. When I did this the back of my hands caressed their soft femininity. They both shuddered with delight, then they let their dress fronts drop.

I took my hands up to my nose and enjoyed the fragrance of the two girls. They both smelled of spring time … of luscious strawberries … of soft, fragrant roses. Their pheromones were the perfume of the vestal … unsullied

by life. I crossed my arms and offered the pheromones to the opposite girl. The two girls watched me perplexed as I did this.

“There is an irony in life in that that we cannot smell our own pheromones. Only another person can.” When they understood what I was recounting they leaned over, smelled the back of my hands and took in the fragrance of each other.

They looked at each other affectionately.

“Just like your *soure de vie* … your pheromones are wonderful too!”

There was a few seconds of silence. It was time for me to play. “Do you know where the vulgar term you used for *source de vie* comes from.”

They both shook their heads.

“It comes from the German word *Kunst* …”

“*Kunst*?” the second girl said.

“… which … in German … means art.”

“So our cunts are *Kunst*?” the second girl declared.

I nodded, “indeed they are!” They chortled.

“And cock … where does that come from?” The first girl asked.

“I thought it would be rather obvious! A rooster in a farm yard. Every morning he crows … *a cock to diddle you*!” I responded.

“*...a cock to diddle you …*” The first one repeated. The two girls giggled hysterically. “You’re funny!” the second one said.

“By the way I am not a rooster!”

“You’re obviously not a hen. I bet you diddle!” When the first girl said this the second girl reached out with her hand and thrust her hand inside my robe, grabbing the best of me through my *cache sexe*. I ws wondering when she would makeher move. Lucky for me I was wearing my loin cloth. “Woah …now!” Instinctively I stepped back, out of her reach.

She lunged a second time and I stepped aside as a matador would in front of a mad beast. As I did this the first girl said “show her your *dink* … She won’t get a chance to see it during art class.”

The second girl and I sparred for a few more seconds as I said “I *dink* not …” I joked with the two girls. “I *dink* that would not be a good idea.”

The second girl suddenly stopped her lunging and pouted. “But I showed you mine!”

“You did and it was a big surprise. I hadn’t expected you to be so … saucy. Perhaps you should be saucy with your boy-friend.”

“I don’t have a boy-friend,” the second one admitted. “My parents won’t let me have one.”

“Then ask your brother to … you know …” I parried.

“I don’t have a brother either.” She glanced at her friend. “I am the only child in our family. When she said child I was reminded she was of a sensitive age.

I turned to the first girl and asked her “do you have a boyfriend?”

She shook her head. “My mother thinks this would be a distraction. Besides she thinks I am not to be trusted with a boy.”

I smirked when she said this. “Do you have a brother then?”

The first girl nodded.

“Then get him to show your friend … his …” I said as I pointed to the second girl with my thumb.

“But he is only in grade 5 …” the first girl replied, “… and kinda small.” She held up her right hand and extended her pinky finger. “Is yours so small?” she asked.

“What do you think?” I replied.

“If she knew what you looked like … she would not be asking,” the second girl came to the defense of her friend.

“She’ll find out soon enough when I sit for her in art class!” I said.

The second girl took to pouting again. “And what about me? I want to see what you look like!”

I decided I would toy with the second girl a bit. “It was that small” I held up a pinky finger … “when I was in fifth grade … but not anymore. Now it is as big as my thumb.” The two girls cast their eyes at my thumb. I guided it to in front of me and where *the best of me* hung. “And that’s when I am not aroused.”

The two girls chortled.

I smirked at the first girl. “So you have seen his …” I waved my pinky finger in front of her. Her blushed answered my question. I lifted my hands and shrugged my shoulders. I looked up at the clock. It was now near ten minutes before the hour. “It looks like the art teacher will be here soon.”

I immediately realized I shouldn’t have said that. My words were akin to waving a red cape in front of two maddened beasts. I knew they were about to pounce, but I felt sorry for the second girl. So I decided I would assuage her appetite.

I smiled at her. She stepped forward and pulled the belt, opening my robe. I let it swing open for a few seconds thinking that she might lunge again, but the second girl just waited patiently. So I lifted my robe off my body, stringing it over my left shoulder. As if they were reading each other's mind they both stepped forward and tugged on the two ribbons holding tight my loin cloth.

For a moment my loin cloth hung suspended on the best of me. I could have stopped matters then and there but instead I surrendered my modesty to the *burlesque* yearnings of the two girls. I drew my two legs apart … *ma cache sexe* fluttered to the ground … my flag of capitulation.

As my loin cloth fluttered to the floor I grabbed my genitals in my right hand. For a split second the two girls frowned but only until I started to move my hand so that I cradled my scrotum in the palm of my hand and let my penis flop atop my thumb. "See …" I said, "it's as big as my thumb when I am not aroused."

Then I move my hand aside and let my penis and scrotum flop down. There I now stood, immodest as Michelangelo's David. The faces of the two girls went a bright crimson. I had ceded to them the mystery of my sex. I let them enjoy my splendour for a few seconds.

"Now you can see what I look like." I whispered.

"It is bigger than my brother's but your kinda floppy …" the first girl mocked me.

“That’s because I am not aroused … it gets bigger, longer and harder when I a boy is aroused.” I began to stir. It was as if my penis had a mind of its own.

The second one grabbed for it. She was ever so eager to play with me. I tenderly guided her hand away. “Gentle … imagine a boy grabbing your *source de vie* like this. How would you feel? How would you like to be pinched down there?”

The two girls just stared at me for a few seconds. “It is getting bigger …”the second one said.

“Your touch has aroused me.” I replied

“When you are fully aroused … how big does it get?” the first one asked me.

“About three times what it is now …” I smiled impishly while I told them my little white lie.

Both their pairs of eyes shot wide. “Show us,” the second girl decreed.

I decided I would let them find out. “There is a slow way of doing this and a fast way …what do you prefer?” The two girls looked at each other then back at me.

“What’s the slow way?” The first girl inquired.

“You tease me with your little fingers …” I demonstrated this by pulling back my foreskin and stroking my little finger across the glans of my penis. They looked at each other and giggled.

“What’s the fast way?” The second one inquired.

I made a V with my fingers, inverted it and then started to jiggle the glans of me rapidly back and forth and back and forth. “This is called *ringing the bell*. It drives a boy crazy.”

The two girls howled hysterically. They could see I was growing bigger rather swiftly. I stopped pleasing myself to let then decide how they wanted to tease me.

I glanced up at the clock. There was only five minutes before the hour. The two girls looked up at the clock as well, then turned back to me and zealously set to work enjoying themselves. The second girl decided she was going to *ring my bell* while the first one used her little finger to caress my scrotum. The first girl was kneeling beside me looking up, while the second girl stood in front of me.

“You have big balls …” The first girl said as she jiggled my testicles back and forth, back and forth. “They are much bigger than my little brother’s. His balls are small like marbles … your balls are as big as walnuts!” I could feel my testicles starting to tuck themselves close to my body. “Your balls are moving!” she said. “They can do that!” I nodded.

She was flabbergasted.

I smiled and decided to remain silent so they could both tease me without interlude. Within a minute or so I had grown to my full splendour. The two girls were amazed and enraptured by their accomplishment.

My testicles began to tingle … the tingle that tells me I was nearing ejaculation. I knew it was time to get them to stop. "You'd better stop!" I reached for *the best of me*. The first girl stopped immediately stopped tickling me. The second girl continued to *ring my bell* with ever more frantic desire.

"If you don't stop … I will pop like a well agitated bottle of champagne all … and come all over you." She still didn't stop. She was wanting to drive me to fruition.

Why should she care? She would be off to math class and I would be left here in a mess. I had to firmly grasp her hand and guide it away from my throbbing penis.

The second girl looked up into my eyes with a truly forlorn expression.

She leaned forward and whispered in my ear. "I want to see you come …"

"Perhaps some other time …" I whispered directly to her. She looked up into my face and accepted what I said as a pledge and beamed.

"Promise!" she yelped.

“Cross my heart and hope to die!” I declared to them both as I crossed my heart with my finger as if we were playing a children’s game. This clearly set the second girl at ease.

I let them take one quick and final measure of me.

“You are much bigger now …” said the first girl.

“Is that as big as you get? asked the second girl.

I looked down at myself. While it looked like I was in my full splendour I decided to astound them and tell them a little white lie, “no I can get bigger!”

“Oh my God!” exclaimed the second girl.

I smiled at her then decided to do something fiendishly devilish. I took her right hand and guided it towards my penis so her middle finger became her measure of the length of me. My penis was longer than he middle finger by at least a centimeter. This was a devilish thing for me to do for I knew that later that night their middle fingers would be their remembrance of me as they pleased themselves. At their age it was probably something they did ever second night. The look in their eyes told me they understood my message … that I understood them.

In everything there is a past … a present … and a future … and while we can enjoy the moment we should never forget about the future.

It was then that I lifted my robe off my shoulder and leisurely wrapped myself in my robe. Then I squatted down to pick up my loin cloth. As I peered up at both girls I could see their panties were wet through and through.

Then I stood up. "I think it time you be off to your math class." I said to the second girl. By the way my robe sat on my body they could both see I was still in full arousal.

As I stood before her the second girl whispered to me. "You're gorgeous." She planted a kiss on my cheek. "I want to draw you ...." Her lips were soft, moist and warm. As she did this she reached inside my robe with her right hand and gave me one final caress … from the base of my penis to its tip … which was now very, very wet. It was a final tease to see if she could pop my cork.

She came terribly close to bringing me to orgasm. If she had caressed me a second time this way she would have succeeded. I pleaded with my eyes no … pleased don't. So she changed her tactic. She put her right index finger into her mouth, licked it voluptuously then tugged it out of her mouth with a smack, before drawing her tongue across her lips. "Mmmm" she murmured.

It took me all my effort to keep from ejaculating. There was a pause. She stepped back a pace to concede her game with me that day was over. I crawled back from the edge.

I looked into her eyes, which because of her sensuous state of arousal were starry-eyed meres of deliciousness. Just as she was about to caress me again … to drive me over the edge … I whispered "let me give you my email. You both can come visit my Atelier on a Sunday afternoon and do some sketching."

She smiled aprovingly.

"If you do come for a visit … I would like the chance to sketch you both." The second girl looked at the first girl. They both nodded.

The second girl took out a pencil from her pencil case and I quickly wrote down my email on the inside cover of her math notebook. I gave her pencil back.

Suddenly there was the sound of a key being turned in the lock. I glanced up at the clock. It was one on the dot. Our little dalliance had climaxed just in time.

The two girls scrambled for the door, which began to swing open from the outside. There was the art instructor returning to her studio. Past her I could see several students lined up, waiting to come in to the studio for their life drawing class.

The art instructor stepped through the door, then looked up. When she saw the two girls inside her studio she quickly closed the door behind her and sternly spoke to them. "You are not supposed to be in here."

The first girl said she had wanted to lay claim to the center seat in the studio for the life drawing session. She pointed to the notebooks she had set down at the center seat. The art instructor turned to the second girl and said "you are not even in my art class … although perhaps you should be ...since I know you are a fine artist."

The instructor turned to me and before she could say anything I uttered "they just stopped in a few minutes ago. They have behaved like perfect young ladies." As I told her this white lie, it wasn't my nose that grew an inch or two longer. What I stated took the two girls off their hook. Satisfied the instructor opened the studio door and the students waiting outside streamed in, walking behind the two girls.

I had presumed correctly. The life drawing students were all young women. The inbound students eyed me hungrily. Some even noticed the pronounced bump in my robe and snickered. The life drawing class hadn't even started yet I was all already being drawn out by them.

The art instructor looked down at me and smiled. "You need to relax before the class begins." She noticed I was holding my loin cloth in my hand. "You had better put that on" she said loudly so the students could hear. "I haven't yet decided whether I will let my students do figurative drawing just yet." The heartfelt pleading from the arriving students began immediately.

When the instructor said this the two girls looked at each other and blushed. The art instructor turned away and walked to the center of the studio. The first girl said a quick goodbye to her friend and scampered off to her place.

As she walked past me towards the door the second girl serendipitously gave my hand a quick squeeze and whispered "this Sunday then." I winked my acknowledgement to her. She had played her game with me and won more than she had hoped for. I knew she had more erotic games she would want to play.

The art instructor started her class, setting the tone of their life drawing session. "As you can see, today we have a male model sitting for us. I expect all of you to be on your best behaviour, otherwise we shall do something else … other than life drawing." The room went utterly quiet. All you could hear was the shuffling of feet and the sound of the art students settling into their seats.

There were six artists, the instructor and I in the studio. Our drawing session began with me wearing my loin cloth. After perhaps ten minutes and several quick poses, the art instructor, now satisfied with the solemn efforts of her students, abruptly asked them "who would like our model to take off his loin cloth?"

The first hand that went up was that of the girl who had already seen me nude. In five seconds or so all their hands were up, with one uncertain artist holding back her consent. The other girls turn to her and gave her a stern look. She slowly put her hand up … all had agreed.

The young women wanted to draw me nude. They bubbled ecstatically when I removed *ma cache sex*. Some gawked. I knew immediately that for these few they were venturing into undiscovered country. My testicles began to tingle.

I tugged on the ribbons. Again my loin cloth perched on the best of me until I drew my legs apart to dislodge it. I let the small piece of cloth flutter to my feet so that it was placed in front of me for all to see, a reminder of their claim to me. I could see I was wet. Perhaps our afternoon together would be *burlesque* after all!

At another of the teaching studios in Vancouver, after a life drawing session where I had sat as a figurative model, I chatted with one of the neophyte artists as we had walked up the street to catch the bus. She proclaimed '*seeing your loin cloth at your feet was very erotic*.' It wasn't when I removed my loin cloth and she saw my penis (she was Asian and admitted this was the first time she had seen a man in the flesh). Instead it was when she saw my loin cloth lying there at my feet that she wet her panties … she said she wasn't the only one in the class this happened to. This reminded me that the biggest sexual organ in a human is their brain. That afternoon every time she spied my loin cloth at my feet she said that brought her back to the moment she saw my penis for the first time.

That afternoon I gave the neophyte artist my loin cloth as a souvenir.

Believe me when I say I know *burlesque*. By drawing my legs apart and letting my loin cloth flutter to the ground, my masculinity would be outlined on either side by my thighs and made clearer by the plain background far behind me. The artists could now comprehend the fullness of my fecundity.

Several of the young women sat transfixed for a few seconds with their mouths agog. The art instructor noticed this and called them back to their drawing.

At the next pose I turned myself around. I could hear sighs from the girls.

After perhaps a few seconds the art instructor walked over to where I was posed and asked "are you ok?" She had her back to the class. I could see she peered around my body to measure my arousal. I turned my head. She was tall, with blond hair and a lovely figure. She was of Ukrainian heritage and perhaps thirty. I notice neither an engagement nor a wedding ring on her hand. I and winked at her. The art instructor was fair game for me … wasn't she?

The art instructor blushed suddenly and then turned back to her students before she said "it is harder to draw the male form compared to the female form not merely because you are more familiar with the feminine. … but because there are fewer points of reference on a male compared to a female. Especially when you draw their back or their backside."

As she said this I opened my legs a bit wider then deliberately and ever so slowly swung my hips back and forth, presenting all the girls with a glimpse of the best of me but from behind. I deliberately pendulated.

I don't know what it is about women, but for many women the male backside is very sexual for them. It sort of makes sense to me because I find the beautiful shape of the hips and backside of a woman to be very erotic. Why should they not find a similar pleasure in a man? I knew it was a turn on for the girls for the room filled with sighs as well as the pleasant fragrance of their pheromones.

"Time for a new pose" the instructor said, so I turned around and took up a new pose. This time I took up the pole with the trident I had brought and leaned on it. I then said "the shape of my body is very different than the shape of the feminine." I pointed to the figurine I had placed beside the podium.

I looked across the room and saw that all the young women were now eyeing both me, a living male torso and that of the inanimate female figurine. "Before the class I moved this feminine torso beside the podium so that you could do a comparison of female and male. I don't have breast like you do …" I brought one of my hands up to my breasts. "… and my hips are not as broad nor as beautiful as yours." I traced my hip with one of my hands. "My hip is in fact nearly square."

I paused contemplating whether I should get any saucier. Sure, I thought, what was the worse they could do … if I continued. I took *the best of me* in hand and lifted it up to my belly and out of the way. "You women need more space between your legs so that one day you can bring a baby into the world. All of my genitals hang where your *source de vie* is … where your babies will one day enter the world."

The girls giggled when I did this and one even ran her hand down and between her legs. As I invited them to explore my form, the surreal was there beside the real of me. The girls were now all starry eyed … and drunk with endorphins. The art instructor sensed their happiness and called the girls back to their sketching.

I closed my eyes and could hear their pencils hard at work. I could sense my arousal and so I took to imagining I was wading in a cold ocean. In perhaps a minute I could feel that I started to *turtle*. One girl noticed that I was *turtling* and she whispered to the girl next to her "look he's getting smaller!" They all heard what she had said and the room filled with their giggles.

This only made matters worse for me … I think I even began to drip! Without opening my eyes I said to the young women "I am imagining that I am walking in a cold ocean so I can *turtle*.

"*Turtle*?" one of the girls asked.

"What does a *turtle* do when they are scared? It hides its head away in its shell."

They all giggled. I think even the art instructor joined in the frivolity. Yes she was fair game.

I paused for ten seconds before I opened my eyes and continued. "It would not be proper for an artist's model to get aroused. That would be too much of

a distraction for you, young women. If I get aroused I will have to put my *cache sexe* back on."

There was another giggle and a short pause. Then a quiet voice broke the silence.

"What's a *cache sexe*?" It was the strawberry blonde girl with thick rimmed pink glasses who had held back her consent at the beginning of the class who asked. Now I understood why it took so long for her to put up her hand. She was shy!

The art instructor walked over and stood beside her as she explained. "It is a French term for a garment … used to hide away your sex …" When she pronounced the word sex the response was electric. The girls tittered. Flustered the art instructor continued "… a loin cloth to hide away his genitals … "

I reached down to pick my *cache sexe* up off the floor. I did this in one sweeping motion, deliberately jiggling myself. Then I held up my loin cloth in front of my genitals.

The girl with the pink glasses said "no … please don't put your *cache sexe* back on. I have never seen what a boy looks like before … *in real life*." I held back my smile. The other girls turned to her in surprise. She lowered her voice almost to a whisper then said "I want to draw all of you ...including your boy bits"

There was a fluster of agreement. The girl next to her leaned over and whispered something in her ear. Then she whispered something in her friend's ear and they both drew their heads together, turning their heads to look up at me and chuckled.

Two could play at this game I thought.

As my repartee to her, I set the trident down at my feet then slowly ambled over to where she sat, letting myself pendulate, folded up my loin cloth and set it down on the desk in front of her. As I stood in front of her I suddenly realized I had seen her somewhere before.

As she watched me standing there nude in front of her, she sat flabbergasted. "I bet you haven't been so close to a male model before." She said nothing as she shook her head.

I then turned and did a circuitous promenade back down the length of the table to where I had been standing to took up my next pose. By doing this I paraded past the six girls at perhaps half a meter. I frolicked close enough to them so that if they wanted to touch me all they had to do was lean forward and reach across the table in front of them. I watched the girls as I cavorted by each and every one of them. Believe me when I say their eyes were glued on my metronome. I romped slowly and proudly past them … meat in their market place. I wanted them to desire me.

At the end of the row stood the art instructor. I stopped in front of her as she eyed me hungrily and asked her "are you also going to sketch me too?" She

turned to get her sketch pad and pencil. As I turned back to the podium I felt warm inside.

As a male artist's model there is something very humbling to pay homage to the feminine by sitting nude for women artists. Their sexual desires are most time suppressed or well hidden away. For these young women my presence in their life drawing studio that day was not merely about art, it was also about love and desire. I was there before them that afternoon bare as the day I was born, but now not as a boy but as a fully grown man revealing them what the future might bring them and about what love was all about.

By sitting for them I was making love to each and every one of them. I wanted their bodies to come alive and to have lucid dreams when they slept that night.

I took up a new pose, a five minute reclining pose as a draped Roman sculpture. I asked if any of the artists would "want to set the drapery on me for this pose."

The girls look down the line to the Asian girl at the end of the row. It was the tallest girl in the class who stepped forward. I think she had walked past me in the hallway when I arrived to the art studio. She would have probably seen me knock on the studio door and watched as the art instructor greet me as her life drawing model. She looked older than the others and so I wondered if she was the 'big sister' of the group. Maybe she was the only student in grade twelve. The six girls looked like they were of different ages. You could sense that in their bosom.

I could see the girl's hands were shaking as she set the drapery on me. The brush of her warm hands against my body told me that desire burned deep within her. She touched my body not once, not twice but thrice, gliding her hands across both my shoulders. I let her do this because I wanted her to enjoy this moment of close intimacy. I wanted the other girls to regret they had not reached out to me as I paraded past them a few moments back. I wanted them to desire me ...

As the tall girl stood beside me I noticed she wasn't wearing any panties. I did not look up at her to begin with. That would have been too obvious. Out of the corner of my eye I could just glimpse the bottom of her femininity. As she looked down at me, I rolled my hip towards her a tad to afford her a better view of my penis. Before she could turn away I drooped my shoulder a tad to let cause the drapery to slide a bit down my right arm. I wanted her to stay a bit longer and play with me. She caught the drapery and meticulously began to reset it on my shoulder.

This not only drew her one step closer to me, it forced her to open her legs a bit. While she fiddled with the drapery. I turned to her and teased her "take your time." I peered first down at her penny loafers and her bare ankles. I let my eyes glide up her legs to her knees. I turned my head to watch her fingers unfold the drapery on my shoulder. I could feel her soft warm fingers against my bare skin.

She was taking her time with the drapery and enjoying herself.

Slowly I peered up at her. From my vantage point I could see her *source de vie*. She was without hair … down there and was a soft pink along her edges. As she got aroused I watched the lips of her labia curled ever so slightly with a softer hue of pink that reminded me of a baby rose that was coming alive. I smiled up at her and said "thank you … that's perfect." I knew she understood my double entendre and sighed with pleasure. Her pheromones lingered near me for some time.

She returned to her seat in a semi-dazed state, tripping over herself as she tried to step up to her tall chair. I watched her out of the corner of my eye. When she was sitting once again in her seat she fluffed her skirt and I could see her *source de vie* clearly from where I was reclining. With the art instructor's back now turned to them, she looked across at her classmates as if to give them a secret signal.

One after the other they fluffed up their skirts. Only the first girl still wore her panties. The rest of them were bare bottomed. I could feel my penis respond to their insouciance. These girls were playing with me. They had obviously set upon this game before they came to do life drawing.

The art instructor announced that the session was half over. From that moment in the life drawing session the young women were indeed in heaven. They sketched in a happy passion. I took up two more poses, one of which was a standing ten minute pose as Poseidon, while the last pose was twenty minutes long.

I stood straight and tall as Poseidon I held the two meter tall spear with trident at a slight angle to my body. Again I asked an artist to come drape me. It was the turn of the first girl. The way she smiled at me I knew she was going to have fun with me. She took up the drapery off the floor and then walked behind me.

As she draped the gold cloth across my left shoulder she softly caressed my backside with her right hand. Then as she set the drapery onto my right shoulder she softly caressed my backside with her left hand. As she did this no one in the room could she what she was doing and so were none the wiser.

She did not walk directly back to her seat but lingered for a moment just a short distance behind me. She was now tickling me with her skirt. She was driving me crazy and she knew it.

"Can I adjust your pose?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Can I place my hands on your hips?"

"Ummm … sure." I responded loud enough so everyone could hear in the room that I had given her permission to touch my body.

I felt her hands on my hips. She guided my hips to the right. Then let go of my hips. I looked back over my shoulder. She had stood back from me perhaps a half meter.

“Keep looking to the front.” She commanded.

I turned to look forward. I could feel myself growing erect. Her sisterhood was beaming with appreciation. She placed her hands a second time against my hips. Again brushing her skirt against my bare backside. She guided my hips to the left then reached for the trident and guided it diagonally across my body. As she did this she peered around the right side of me and deliberately brushed the pole across my penis. It oscillated back and forth a few times. The sisterhood giggled.

“Oh … I am sorry. I hope that didn’t hurt …” She whispered. The girls stared.

The art instructor, who had been quietly observing our little *pas a deux*, spoke up. “The pose is fine. Go back to your seat. Let’s get back to sketching shall we.

The cheeky little monkey pinched my right cheek as she started back to her seat. I tried not to flinch … to no avail.

“Are you ok?” the art instructor asked me.

“Yes … I have never felt better.” I swung my hips back and forth to affect. The girls guffawed. I closed my eyes and tried as hard as I could to turtle. But it was to no avail. What do some girls call my present state … a stiffy?

The art instructor knew I was trying hard to get myself to *turtle*. But by this late time in the art session the young woman had already seen the splendour of me so that it would be no use to cover me up. I think she was also enjoying the moment.

The last pose for the class had me reclining as a Renaissance sculpture, with my legs open with drapery across my shoulders. We didn't have much time left to the class so I set my own drapery. Besides, I did want to art instructor to volunteer to drape me. Why … as I reclined, as I looked up from my vantage point I could see the *source de vie* of all the girls perched high on their chairs, save one. This stirred me to near full arousal. I started to drip.

I did not mind that the girls would see me like this. I let matters take their course to acknowledge their splendour. They knew this without the slightest doubt!

Drip ... drip … drip …

I was their Renaissance water clock. A drip of my arousal every minute …

Drip ... drip … drip …

It felt truly delicious! Glancing down I could clearly see the glistening fluid flow from my loins. No doubt it was now my strong pheromones that now drifting across the studio, tickling their noses. The young women smiled appreciably.

I began to shiver because of the sexual tension. This had never happened to me before, then again I had never before sat for a half-dozen bare bottomed artists.

I closed my eyes hoping this would ease my arousal. Instead this drew me inwards. I could feel the dull tingling of my testicles that told me they were hard at work producing sperm. I slowly rolled my hips back and forth to caress them. I had to fight the urge to take my penis in my hand and well ... That would cross a line and would see me thrown out. There was after all a second art class that day.

I opened my eyes to discover that several of the girls were fixated on the slow drip … drip … drip … of me. They eyed me raveningly. I shivered again, this time with far more intense ardour. Will their eyes be enough to bring me to orgasm? I wondered if this was in the forefront of their minds and imagination. I tensed my loins hoping this would be enough to hold me back. Then I closed my eyes.

I was like the little Dutch boy who stuck his finger to quell a leak in the dam.

I hear a pencil fast at work far to one side. I opened my eyes and looked. By this point in the session the art instructor had picked up a sketch pad and pencil and was standing off to my right, nearly out of my line of sight, sketching me. My raw sexuality had clearly mesmerized all the women in the room, including her.

I watched as one girl slowly drew her hand under the table and started to caress her clitoris. It was the strawberry blonde with pink thick rimmed glasses. She had a tuff of strawberry blonde hair between her legs. After a few seconds she moved her hand surreptitiously back onto the table. Her friend next to her saw her do this and smiled. Then the strawberry blonde drew one of her legs back and forth to open and close her *source de vie*, caressing her roused clitoris with her soft labia.

She was also teasing me at the same time! Clever girl … I thought.

I watched as the other girls slowly gratified themselves by rubbing their thighs together to caress their labia. One girl let out a loud sigh that avowed for them all.

The sigh triggered an immediate response! This had rarely happened to me as I sat for artists, but I felt the trembling of an approaching orgasm. Not now I thought … please not now …"

I closed my eyes and imagined I was standing in front of a dull grey concrete wall studying the cracks. I hated to have to do this but if I didn't the girls would have gotten more than they had hoped for. And I would never have lived the embarrassment down. When a girl sees a boy *in the flesh* for the first time … sure they are curious about many things … his penis, and testicles … but one of the things girls are really curious about is ejaculation. You ask a girl about '*their first time*' and that is what they like to talk about. How they got their boy to '*pop'*.

I smirked and crooked my head a bit. Now it made perfect sense to me what the girls were up to. They had doffed their panties hoping they could get me to '*pop*!'

I had ejaculated once before while I sat for some women artists. It was when I was sharing a podium with a buxom brunette who leaned forward, swinging her breasts back and forth as she teased me with "… *Hello Beautiful*." My reaction that afternoon was entirely involuntary. Nature took its course. It was the first time I had sat as a model as a grown man and was at the edge as I sat there nude. The women artists in the studio that afternoon relished the show … but I was mortified!

My last reclining pose for the young women artists in this teaching studio was the longest … and one of the most sublime … twenty minutes of my life.

"The life drawing session is now over," I heard the art instructor voice. I opened my eyes. There was a flutter of disappointment. "Five more minutes … let us draw for five more minutes," the first girl pleaded. The art instructor shook her head and then asked the girls to thank me for sitting for them. I just lay there as they applauded warmly. I should be the one thanking them I thought!

There was just a few minutes left to their class time and the instructor turned to me and said "you can put your robe on now." I let the drapery drop off my body then slowly stood up and turned my back to the girls. I walked slowly to my robe.

Thank god I had my back turned to girls. I was pendulating big time. I put on my robe. Before I closed the robe I reached down to see how wet I was. OMG, was I aroused. I turned to the room as I tied my robe shut and noticed the girls were all watching me as I did this. I gave them one last glimpse of the tip of my penis before I pulled the robe tight.

That erotic glimpse would perhaps be what the girls would dream about tonight.

There was a tangible sense of sadness at that moment, now that their life drawing session was over. There would be a second life drawing session starting in a few minutes with a new group of students. So for me my afternoon was not yet over.

At the end of this drawing session, when it was time to show their art, I smiled. From across the room, as they held up their drawings for the other students to appraise, I could see that not a single one of the young women had rendered my sex, instead rendering me as a eunuch. This was something I had already seen before at other teaching studios. The girls had to take their life drawing sketches home to show their parents and each of them could in turn tell a little white lie that "the model had worn a loin cloth … so we did not see his genitals …"

All I could do is smile. What did the French singer Maurice Chevalier once crone " *... thank God for little girls, For they get bigger every day!*"

I went to sit on the couch. Just as she was leaving the studio the strawberry blonde meandered over to me to give me back my loin cloth. She looked forlorn now that her class was over. I smiled at her and asked “did you enjoy the life drawing?”

She lowered her eyes and stuttered as she said “yes.” She smiled. I could see she was wearing braces. I wondered if she was the youngest artist in the class.

Pictorial: Time to Throw Something Away … ehh

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